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### TAKE BACK THY GIFTS.

BY L. G.

Take back thy gifts—I crave not one
To keep for memory's sake;
I would not have the sight of them
One fond regret awake.

A withered rose—ah! once so fair,
Faded and worthless now;
'Tis emblem of our sweet, dead past,
And every broken vow.

One tiny curl from off thy brow,
Held with a knot of blue;
"Be this a token," then you said,
"My love for thee is true."

Take back thy ring—a lovely pearl
Of radiant purity;
"An emblem of our love," you said,
"Through all eternity."

I cannot say, take back thy love,
I'm sure 'twas never mine;
Would not a heart that's truly given
More constant prove than thine?

And thus we part—I will not say
It causes me no pain;
A brightness from my life has gone
That ne'er will come again.

## ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

### CHAPTER IV.—[CONTINUED.]

WELL, she will return home for Christmas, and I am to follow immediately after, and be presented to her father. Then I believe all will be arranged about February, and she will return to London as Mrs. Reginald Glanville. Therefore, my dear fellow, I must muster up and husband all my resources, or she and I can't do the needful in such a case. I cannot, as a poor man, marry the first heiress in Herefordshire. Even in this 'tis not all gold that glitters. First I must struggle through the preliminaries, and then, when all is done, it is no joke to put freedom out of all reach, and assume the fetters in good earnest. But brides like Julia are not to be picked up every day. Splendid girl, and splendid dowry! eh, Hugh? I owe you an obligation for introducing me, and I'll pay it some day."

"My cousin's wealth is not her best and most precious dowry," said Hugh, with a touch of haughty enthusiasm. "To win such a heart as hers is better than refined gold. All are not so fortunate. I wish you joy and power to appreciate and deserve the treasure you have won." He choked down something in his throat, and resumed, in a hard, bitter tone. "But about the business? Something must be done. The money must be raised. I could perhaps put the count off for a month or two, with a bill and a good endorser. Let me have your name."

"A thousand? It's impossible!" exclaimed Glanville; "if it were half the amount, Hugh. But really the sum is so monstrous, and ——"

"Pooh, pooh! What can a paltry thousand be to a gentleman of your expectations?" cried Hugh. "A mere drop in the bucket. A nabob's heir and an heiress' betrothed need not be parsimonious."

Glanville caught the glance of the keen, fierce black eyes bent on him. Was anything suspected, anything known? He shifted his position and his eyes fell before Fleming's.

"And you forget one thing, Reginald Glanville. It was to me you owed your good fortune, twice; but for me, you would never have known Julia Courtenay. I know not whether she has cause to thank me for the destiny to which I have helped her; but still it gives me a claim on the happy bride and bridegroom, who owe to me their bliss. If I prove a villain, do you think that generous girl would grudge one of her countless thousands to save her cousin's honor and enable her husband to redeem this bond? But this is folly, madness. The thing will never be known to her. I simply want your name. I must have it. Will you give it me freely?"

Glanville still hesitated. Evidently his faith in Hugh was small, or else he feared lest any connection on his part in such a transaction, with the most notorious gambler of the day, Count Verdi, should reach the father of his fiance, and ruin his prospects. His next words proved this.

"If I were sure that it would never be known, that it would never come to the ears of Miss Courtenay or her father. But I must guard my reputation carefully in that quarter. Remember, I have a character to maintain now, very different from your position."

"Your reputation!" repeated Hugh, with a withering glance of contempt. "Pshaw! you talk of character, reputation, and honesty! Why, Reginald Glanville, you know that in one hour from this time I could place an insuperable barrier between you and my cousin. Deny it if you can. Yes, you do well to guard your character at this late hour of the day. We shall have you turning parson on our hands before long. But it will not do, Glanville, it will not do. Julia Courtenay is not the girl to marry a man who has once deceived another."

"Hugh Fleming," exclaimed Glanville, starting up, "recall those words. You, of all men, know how I wronged that girl; but you shall not taunt me with it. I am a villain—I know it. I was a villain when I deceived her; I was a villain when the child was taken from her, and placed in the power of one less criminal. I am in your power—I know it. Use it at your pleasure. Go to Sir John Hartley's house! Ask for Julia, and tell her what a saintly young gentleman is her promised husband."

"Shall I," said Fleming, coolly, and quickly rising, as if to depart, "shall I take you at your word? I am not to be trifled with. You have but to give another word, another look even, and I am on my way. Good-night," he said, laying his hand on the door-handle.

Hugh's resolute movement recalled Glanville to a sense of danger which, in a moment of half real, half affected remorse, he had forgotten.

"Fleming," said he, "you will drive me mad! You know better than any one what I have suffered—my temptations, my repentance, my desperation. Sit down, and let us talk over this matter. Is there no other way?"

"None," was the resolute reply, "none! There is but one way of settling it—the endorsement of the note. Are you a fool not to see that you are in a cleft stick? You cannot free yourself from my power. I know all—and a word to Julia, or even to her father, and you would never see her more."

Reginald mused for a few seconds ere he replied by bringing a writing-desk from a cabinet, and placing it before his companion.

"Write the note," he said. "Should it become impossible for you to meet it when due, I will befriend you, and with money of my own earning, too. The day that sees me return to London a married man, will be the first of my reformation. I shall leave the card-table, and devote myself to the profession for which I was intended; and I advise you to follow my example."

Hugh Fleming's lip curled. Retaining his pen tightly between his fingers, he looked his companion firmly, penetratingly in the face, though there was not even a tinge of violence in his tone.

"Reginald Glanville," said he, "you do not comprehend me even yet. For your advice I thank you. It may be that I shall feel it advisable to follow it, or it may not—so much for myself: but for you, there is an obstacle to your marriage which you have never dreamed of, the knowledge of which I alone possess. I might go to Julia this night, and impart to her what would cause her to spurn you from her as a hateful thing, too loathsome for her sight. And I tell you more—I would do so if I felt that it was consistent with my own interest. You taunted me just now with being a rejected lover. It is false! and yet I tell you, Reginald, that you are not capable of one-thousandth part of the love that I know and feel that she deserves. I will not stop the marriage. Let it go on. My necessity must govern what my will, ay, and practice too dictates. This paper saves you, but it seals her fate," he added, in a suppressed tone, as he dashed off the last words of the note, and pushed it across the table to Glanville.

"This wonderful secret of yours is a mystery to me. I presume it will continue in your keeping," said Glanville coldly, as he placed his name on the paper.

"It will be well for you if you never know it; and indeed it partly, nay, altogether depends on yourself," replied Hugh, as he put the note in his pocket-book, and redonned his coat and hat. "I will be secret, unless you force me to the contrary. At least, try to make her happy, Glanville. She is a rare treasure, and you will bring ruin on your head if you neglect her." He poured out a glass of wine, and said, with a bitter laugh, as he tossed off the bumper, "Success and long life to the bride and bridegroom! I shall not see you again till the fate of you both, ay, and of others, too, is sealed."

He just touched Reginald's hand as he concluded, and left the room.

"Ay, Julia, Julia, your fate is indeed sealed," said Hugh, musingly, as he descended the stairs. "Poor Julia! And yet how I have loved you. If you had returned it, it might have saved me. Now I can but seek revenge on him who has deceived us both.

The next moment saw Hugh once more battling with the howling blast and driving snow.

Reginald remained in his luxurious room. The fire was dying out; the wine decanter was empty; the lamps all burning low. The room looked gloomy and dreary in the half light, which had all the desolateness of darkness without its softening shade. Perhaps the very scene had an effect on the young man's mind. He sat in that same chair where one hour before he had lazily and dreamingly lounged away the idle hours. But his look and his feelings were far different now. He had a look of anxious, gloomy restlessness far different from that listless *ennui* which had then marked his features.

Fear, indignation, and a touch of true remorse, were in Glanville's mind, acting as daggers to stir up the former contentment of his satisfied state. The idea of Hugh Fleming's power, of his threatened exposure, the prospect of long years of galling subjection and fear were alone sufficiently terrible to so haughty a nature. But when added to that was a sense of his own past guilt, of treachery to a lovely and innocent girl, whose path he had crossed only to her certain ruin; when he thought of her uncertain fate, and that of her unborn child, a pang of agony came like a spasm over him.

Then another crime danced before Glanville in the dim light—a crime not perhaps so deep as his treachery to Marian, but yet sufficient to have steeped most spirits in lasting remorse. A crime to one, young and innocent, with all the claims of blood and of descent united in him. Faces danced before him in the dim light. Voices moaned on the whistling wind. Terrors seized him of which he was himself ashamed. And when at last, in actual refuge from that gloomy terror and desolation, he rang for his servant and prepared to go to bed, the face was scarcely the same with the one on which the bright glare of the cheerful light had shown two hours before.

The valet noted this with some surprise. His master had been in unusual spirits and good temper during the day, and it was therefore a matter of some curiosity to him, as to what had changed that sunshine into such deep gloom. Had Miss Courtenay refused him? No, that could not be. For no letter or message had arrived during the evening to change the current of his master's thoughts and spirits. Then came the logical conclusion that Mr. Fleming was Miss Julia's cousin, and maybe had been the organ of refusal. But the first test he hazarded proved to him satisfactorily that this also was wrong.

"Please, sir," said he, "I went about your new clothes this evening, and the man said he could not let you have them before Christmas Eve. Will that do, sir?"

"Fool! Don't you know that I am going to Mr. Courtenay's two days before?" was the short reply. "If he cannot do them I will never employ him again. Tell him that, and he can do as he likes."

The valet was satisfied, and puzzled. Still more surprised would he have been could he have seen his master's sleepless night, heard his tossing, feverish moans, and low-muttered imprecations.

Reginald did not sleep till the morning, and then a fair young face, and that of a child, haunted him in his dreams like an avenging spirit, until he arose, and prepared for his first visit as an accepted lover to the house where Julia Courtenay was staying.

* * * * * *

In a cottage residence about three miles from the metropolis, in one of its sweet rural suburbs, dwelt a middle-aged woman of respectable appearance and having the remains of some beauty.

Mrs. Warren was one of those comfortable ladies, who, after passing their lives in the service of a family of note, retire to enjoy their savings in some homely retreat, furnished with presents and with the various acquisitions and stores of many a long year.

When a young girl, Mrs. Warren entered the service of Hugh Fleming's grandmother as companion to his mother, rather than as a mere servant to the fair young girl: for Lady Ellen Marston was an only daughter; and though her father and mother presented her with every luxury and pleasure which early girlhood could know, yet she pined for a companion of her own age to share her playhours, and listen to her lessons while she prepared them, and to her childish joys and sorrows as they arose.

So Jessie Warren, the daughter of a respectable widow in the neighborhood, was chosen for the honor, and proved herself worthy of the distinction.

She loved her young lady with true affection, and yet could manage to preserve her place with a rare instinct and tact, which was scarcely to have been expected at her early age.

So, as years went on, she was the confidante of Lady Ellen's inmost secrets, and soothed all her girlish troubles in the various little feminine trials that necessarily accompany early womanhood; but when she married Mr. Fleming, Jessie accompanied her as confidential attendant, and acted in that capacity, in every respect, till the death of her beloved mistress.

Mrs. Warren, as she was soon called, had been by turns maid to Lady Ellen, and watchful guardian of her children, and housekeeper when her age made such a position most suitable to her.

She had nursed Hugh many times in his childhood, and, as often happens, he, the least worthy had been her especial favorite and pride.

At last, when the death of Lady Ellen broke up the establishment, now five or

six years ago, Mrs. Warren retired on a comfortable, though modest income, and settled in this pretty cottage.

But she lived not alone; a lovely boy, three or four years old, was on the carpet, playing with great delight with a favorite puppy, and shrieking from time to time in childish glee, as the dog rolled over and over, or snatched at the ball, which his young master and play-fellow flung about.

Mrs Warren gazed at the child with a quiet amusement, very different from the tenderness of a mother, though expressing in the good natured and kindly face no little interest and pleasure in the sports of her little charge.

"Come, Jasper, it is time you left off playing with Carlo," she said. "I want to dress you to see your godfather. He is coming to-day."

The child looked up half-wondering, and said, "I don't want him, nursie."

"Oh fie, Jasper," she said; "why do you say such naughty words? I'm sure he is very kind to you, and a very fond godfather. Why, he bought you the puppy you are so fond of, and that ball and your rocking-horse, and cart and horse, and I do not know how many things."

"Yes," was the child's reply.

"And don't you love him for it?" she asked.

"No," replied the child.

"Then you ought," said Mrs. Warren; "it is not pretty or grateful of little boys not to love those who are so good to them."

"I love you, nursie," he said; and his pretty lips were put up in childish entreaty for a kiss.

Mrs. Warren could not resist the entreaty. In spite of her feelings for "Mr. Hugh," she could not bear to repel the kindly caress of her charge, and she took him on her knee, and smoothed his bright curls, and looked at him as if it was the first time she had examined the child's face.

She kissed him more than once, and then asked him again, "Why do you not love your godfather, Jasper?"

"Because he does not love me," replied the child, firmly.

"Nonsense," said his nurse; "he brings you something every time he comes; would he do that if he did not love you, foolish boy?"

But Jasper still persisted. He was scarcely logician enough to explain why, but he did know and feel that there was no affection nor interest in Hugh Fleming's eyes; no tenderness in his tone, no truth in the caresses he yet frequently bestowed on him. Suddenly he slid down from his guardian's knee; some distant sound seemed to attract his attention.

"What is it, child?" she asked, quickly.

"He is coming," replied the boy, shyly; "I hear him on the path."

The quick young ears were correct. In another minute the light on the window was darkened by a passing shadow, and a quick sharp knock at the door announced a visitor. Mrs. Warren hardly allowed the sound to die away before she admitted "Mr. Hugh," and her greeting was equally respectful and cordial as he entered the parlor.

"Well, Mrs. Warren," said he; "how is our charge? Quite well?"

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Hugh; he has never ailed anything since he was with me," she replied, "and that's saying a good deal; since it isn't always so easy to manage a child that you don't know much about—and ——"

"Hush!" said Hugh, pointing to the little fellow, who was standing with his dark eyes fixed on his nurse, and a strange look of intelligence and comprehension on his face.

"There, my little fellow," he said, taking from his pocket a beautiful ivory top, "there, go and try to spin that on the lawn, and I will come presently and see how you go on, and teach you how to use it."

The boy ran off in an instant, and bounded down the steps to the small lawn, with an alacrity quite different from his former hesitation. Was it instinct that made him recognize the value of truth when it was uttered?

No sooner had he disappeared than Hugh seated himself in a chair, and motioned Mrs. Warren to take a seat near him.

"I have not much time, Mrs. Warren," said he, "and must come to the point at once. Are you tired of your charge? Does he give you much trouble?"

"Well, no, sir; that is, not exactly," she replied; "but he is a wilful little fellow at times, and will have his way; and yet he'll obey me in most things, and will come and throw his little arms around me, and kiss me when he's been in a passion; still I never saw a little fellow so determined and so sensible, unless indeed it was yourself, Mr. Hugh. One would think it was your own boy; he often reminds me of you."

The good woman gave such a keen, questioning glance at her favorite, that it brought a half smile to his lips.

"Thank you Mr. Warren," said he. "When I do enter on such responsibilities I shall not complain if I had a lad as handsome as that little fellow. But as I have not any idea of such great matters at present I need not concern myself much on the subject of probabilities and possibilities of my unborn family 'taking after' their ancestors. But you have not answered me to the point. Would you like to get rid of your charge?"

Mrs. Warren looked doubtful as she replied, "I wouldn't like the little fellow to go anywhere unless I could be sure that he would be kindly treated, sir. Still, if you wish——"

"Mrs. Warren," said the young man, drawing his chair nearer to her, "I have always trusted you, as I could my own mother. You have always been a good and faithful servant of my family, and I know you would never fail me in a service, nor betray a confidence. Is it not so?"

"I hope so, Mr. Hugh," said the good woman, tears starting to her eyes. "It would go hard with me were I to betray or disobey your dear mother's favorite son."

"Then, listen, my good nurse," said Hugh, and he lowered his voice. "You told me just now that you had a suspicion that the boy was mine. I could perfectly well satisfy you on that point, if I thought it well to do so. But it is better and more prudent that you should be in perfect and entire ignorance of his parentage, and that your idea and imagings on the subject should be entirely without restraint."

Mrs. Warren's face clouded. She had expected a full confidence from her young master on a point that had long perplexed her. He said nothing further, however, and took the train for the city, to be present at his cousin's wedding.

* * * * * *

Julia Courtenay and Reginald Glanville were married. And as they drove away on their wedding tour all seemed happy but one, Hugh Fleming. He stood watching the departing carriage, and as it disappeared his frame rocked, his breast heaved with deep moans. Then came the words, "Julia—Julia!"

There was a world of agony in the tone—it said more than any words could speak, "Lost—lost to me forever!"

And it was genuine, that burst of anguish. Hugh had loved Julia from childhood, with a true and deep love.

When Reginald announced his victory, it was the turning point of Hugh's life. Perhaps, had Reginald been worthy of her, it might have been different. He knew the misery Julia had brought to herself; but then, Hugh's very feeling and interest prevented his stopping the marriage.

Once done, once master of Reginald, from his knowledge of a secret that was unknown to all others—master of an engine that would turn him at his will, he knew that Julia's wealth and Reginald's influence would be in truth as much his as theirs. And his own position obliged him to avail himself of this means of supporting his extravagance. But then he would unite with it revenge. Yes, Reginald should suffer for being his successful rival, and Julia for having failed to see and return his unspoken love.

* * * * * *

Twelve years had passed at Arden Court. Little Hilda had grown from the tiny babe in her dying mother's arms to a beautiful girl of twelve summers. Silver threads mingled with the soft brown hair that was braided on Bessie's white brow, and the lines on Philip's stern features were more deepened by sorrow than the lapse of time; in truth, the man of forty-eight winters looked rather like one ten years his senior.

And while these changes had gone on among the three most interesting members of the mansion, how had it fared with Avice Merton? She was still there; always at hand, always ready to meet smilingly every look and wish of Philip's; always ready to wait on Bessie, and cheer her in her now failing health, and to assist in superintending the lovely child committed to their charge.

And Hilda promised to resemble her mother in her girlish bearing, but not entirely, not so as to renew Marian in her youth. And thus Philip could scarcely recall his only and dead love, in gazing at the fair girl; but he did see what was more painful to him—he saw the union of the guilty father with the fair and innocent mother in that lovely face.

At times the thought came over him, would the girl's character partake of the evil and heartless passion of the betrayer or Marian? Could it be that the impetuous pride, the decided will that broke forth, even in the youthful Hilda, might strengthen and grow into a more ungovernable and dangerous character? Perhaps the idea was not altogether confined to himself.

Thus had the twelve years passed at Arden Court, so far as the principal inmates were concerned. But there was another, though humble member of the household. He was a lad—an mere boy, humbly born, unattractive, strange lad, who was yet destined to play a not altogether insignificant part. His name was Josiah Blunt, and his coming to Arden Court was in this wise.

It was a fine morning in July when Philip took out the little Hilda, then about five or six years old, in the park to see some young fawns. The delight of the child in the graceful tiny pets induced her guardian to prolong his ramble, and the two strolled slowly on to the neighborhood of the lodge gates. Hilda left Mr. Arden's hand and ran to the palings to gather some double daisies that were within her childish reach. Philip, meanwhile, was looking at some fine stags that were grazing about the entrance, when suddenly Hilda ran back to him with a look of half fear, half surprise, "Look, uncle look!" she cried.

Philip turned his eyes in the direction pointed to by the child, and saw standing at the other side of the gate a strange figure. It was a boy about ten years old, tall, thin, red-haired, irregular featured, apparently half starved, and limbs that spoke at once of the powerful frame that Nature had endowed him with.

The quaint features were as unnatural at his years as the wasted face and form. His dress poor but decent, quite whole and perfectly clean, albeit of the commonest material. His eyes were fixed on the lovely little Hilda, with her graceful rounded limbs, her bright complexion, and tasteful, costly dress, as if he were gazing on something from another sphere. But when Mr. Arden approached the spot where he stood with an evident intention to speak to him, the boy removed his cap with a half respectful, half comical, and defiant air.

"Well, my lad, what do you want?" he said, with an involuntary smile.

"I want work, sir," replied the lad, "my name's Josiah Blunt, sir, and my father was a carpenter, and went wrong when he had the fever, sir, and my mother died; and then they put me in the poorhouse, sir; but I told them I wouldn't stop. And I didn't work much either, 'cause they punished me."

Hilda added her entreaties to the lad's, and the result was he was taken in as a member of the house.

The boy was soon marvelously changed by the good food, neat clothes, and regular work that was now to be his portion. He became a docile, though somewhat queer-looking and singular attendant on Mrs. Hislop, and completely won on her good graces.

The lad fully appreciated the old dame's kindness, though he liked to tease her at times, and would often give a shrewd hint that proved he fully appreciated also her oddities. And Mr. Arden was also sure of the utmost respect, and attention and reverence from him. But little Hilda?

The boy seemed fairly bewitched with her. He would walk miles to get her a flower, would train a pet for her, or make up any novel plaything for the child, different from her expensive toys. It was like the worship of a superior being, was the homage of the untutored lad for the beautiful child; and the little girl's smile, or bright look, or a "Thank you, Josiah," would make him happy for the day. But it seemed he hated Avice and she did not like him.

Miss Merton saw, however, that it was of no avail to attempt to prejudice her cousin against the orphan lad, and did not attempt it.

Such was the state of affairs at Arden Court. Different, and yet the same. Philip was no longer the moody, sad, bitter man he had been in former years.

He seldom spoke of the dead. He did not drag his sorrow from its hiding-place, and expose it for the sympathy of others. He would only gaze at times on the fair girl who brought back her mother to his eyes, and went often and kept long vigils by her mother's grave.

## CHAPTER V.

THERE were sadness and mourning at Arden Court. Bessie Arden, the unselfish, patient, unassuming "old maid," was on her death-bed. She had drooped for many a month; and though she rallied during the Summer, and the soft balmy air brought a slight bloom on her faded cheeks, and she revived sufficiently to be wheeled out on the terrace and lawns, yet she never really gained strength or health.

It was a slow, gentle, gradual fading away, all in accordance with her quiet, patient nature. She lingered on yet another Winter; now being kept to the house, then to her apartment, and at last to her bed. The physicians had said that all that could be done now was to make her end as smooth and happy as possible.

Philip Arden heard this, and went to the invalid's room, and remained there some time. What passed, no one know; but soft tones came to the outer chamber where the nurse and Avice Merton were sitting, and when he came forth, tears were in his eyes, and his face was pale and rigid.

"Send Miss Hilda," he said, hoarsely; and in a few moments Hilda came. "My darling, go to Aunt Bessie," he said. "I will remain here. Avice, be so good as to write to these addresses; I cannot. You have only to say that there is no hope."

When Avice left the room Philip seated himself by the fire, and bowed down till his face was invisible.

Hilda entered the invalid's room. Her face was white and scared; for even to her inexperienced eyes there was a strange change in Bessie's delicate features. She knew instinctively that death was near. The dying woman held out her hand, and pressed Hilda's warm palm between her own, all cold and damp with approaching death.

"Hilda, my own darling," she said, "I want to talk with you. You are very young, but you have sense and feeling beyond your years, and you can well understand what I have to say, or at least you can remember it till the time comes when you can fully comprehend its meaning. I have been telling Uncle Philip how hard it will be to leave him; but, my darling, he is a man, and an old one too, compared to you, and he cannot remain long after me. But you, my helpless, tender blossom, who will take care of you when I am gone? I know that your uncle has promised to look after you, that he has arranged to do so, and that he is loving and true, and tender as a father to you, my child; but still we know not what may happen.

"I have little of my own to leave, Hilda," she continued, "but it is mine, and at my own disposal, and no one needs it but you. In former years I was forced to save, for the sake of others, and the habit clung to me when I was no longer in need. During the time that I have spent here, it has been no easy task for me to spend the liberal sum that your uncle allowed me. Seventeen long years have passed, Hilda, since we came into our fortune, which however, after all, has not brought with it happiness, and during that time I have saved nearly a thousand pounds. I have left you that sum, Hilda. It is enough for you while you remain under your uncle's care, and will be always a pittance, if ever you are thrown into different circumstances. It is all secured to you, my child, and I pray you to accept it, as a token of your aunt's fond sympathy."

Hilda looked half-bewildered. She was almost too young to comprehend the value of the bequest, but she knew that it was a proof of love, and she valued it accordingly.

"Dear Aunt Bessie," she said, "how good you have been to think of me! But I shall not value anything when you are gone."

"Hush, dear, hush!" said the dying woman. "You will learn to be bright and cheerful, as you should be in childhood; and when you and your uncle have become a little more happy, then I have asked him to let you go to school."

"To school, Aunt Bessie!" said Hilda.

"Yes dear, it will be better," she replied. "You will be willing to go, darling; you will believe Aunt Bessie, and be sure that she would only desire it for your good."

"Yes, auntie, I will," sobbed out the child.

"And, please God, my darling, you will live to come back and be a comfort to your uncle, and live many happy years," said Bessie. "You will do your best, my dear. You are all he has to comfort him now, and you are the very image of your poor mother—poor, poor Marian."

Here Bessie checked herself. But the commiseration in which she spoke the two words, "Your mother," thrilled through the girl's heart, fired the train of imagination, and a new thought flashed like lightning through her brain. The story of her birth, so far as the fact that her mother, when dying, had bequeathed her to her kind protector's care, had never been withheld, for Philip and Bessie had wisely decided not to bring her up in utter ignorance of it, but there were passages in Marian Halloway's life which had never been imparted to her child. Yet many a time had she wondered why, when looking at the miniature, and asking if her mother was indeed beautiful as the face pictured there, Uncle Philip's eyes suddenly filled with tears; or why, when she spoke of her father, Aunt Bessie maintained silence, or skilfully evaded direct replies. But now, in those spoken words from the dying woman's lips, and the memory of many another strange hint, and look, and word, a lightning-like flash irradiated the obscurity. She crept to the bedside, and whispered, "Aunt Bessie, tell me—what was my mother to you?"

Bessie hesitated, ere she said, "Call your uncle—ask him."

Hilda obeyed, and in a few moments the brother stood by the sister's bed.

"Uncle Philip," said Hilda, "what was my mother to you?"

He clasped her in his arms and buried his head in her sunny curls. Then he whispered in a choking voice, "Hilda, I loved your mother more than you can imagine; and she promised—she promised—"

His voice failed, and he could not go on; but with the quick instinct of dawning womanhood Hilda understood him.

"Did she do wrong? Did she forget you?" she asked.

"She left me for another," he replied. "In another week she would have been my wife. He who made her forget her promise was your father."

"Uncle Philip, I know now why you never spoke to me of him," said Hilda, sadly. "Tell me, was he a good or wicked man?—tell me, I will know."

Hilda held up her hands, and her eyes flashed determinedly.

"Hilda," said Philip, "he was your father; he is your father still. For your sake I have never spoken ill of him. Let us be silent on the subject now, my child; try to bury it in your heart, try to forget it—forget all but that you are to me as a child."

"But I cannot forget, my dear, good uncle," she said. "I must ask—I must know. You cannot think how I have thought about it, and wanted to ask you, but never dared. But tell me all about it now. Was he wicked, and cruel to my mother? Why did she come here to die?"

With flushed cheeks Hilda threw back the curls from her tear-stained face, and stood before him, waiting for—almost demanding an answer.

"My child," said Philip, drawing her lovingly towards him, "I never meant you should know this. It was not your mother's fault; I believed she loved another better than me. If she had asked me, I would have freed her from her promise. But the stroke was sudden and hard to bear; and then, when she came back to die here——"

"But, where was my father then?" cried Hilda. "You don't tell me. Was he dead? He did not let her come back to die all alone, uncle?"

Hilda burst into tears, and sank into Philip's arms.

"No, Hilda, he was not dead," replied Philip. "He sent your mother away from him."

"And now," said Hilda, starting upright, her eyes flashing like steel—"is he dead now?"

"I do not know; I've never heard so," replied Philip.

"Oh I wish you had said he was dead," sobbed Hilda, passionately. "I would rather you had said that—I always thought so. I didn't know that my father had forgotten me all my life. Won't he come some day, Uncle Philip? Do you think he meant my mother to come here and die? Will he not come to claim me?"

"No, no, my darling," replied Philip sadly.

Philip knew what that poor innocent child could not guess—that the gay, dissolute man of the world would never seek to raise again the flowers that he had crushed in his path.

"I fear not, my child," he continued, "Perhaps he did not know whither your mother went. I do not think he did."

"Oh, Uncle Philip, it is dreadful!" said Hilda. "If he does not come to me I must go to him."

There was a strange excitement in the girl's manner. She looked years older. Her lips and cheeks were crimson, and her eyes looked brilliant. She took a step towards the door; but Philip stretched forth his arms and drew her back.

"Hilda, Hilda," he said, "where would you go? Would you leave me to seek a father who for thirteen years has never attempted to claim you, and whom you know not where to find? Would you go and leave your aunt—your mother—at such a moment?"

Hilda burst into tears—a wild, passionate fit of weeping. Philip drew her to him, and her head rested on his shoulder.

There were strange feelings in that noble and strong heart, as he soothed the impetuous girl. Memories of the past, feelings that he ought, indeed, to have been her father, that the fair child should have been in truth as in heart, his own. That his should have been the privilege, and the strong voice and arms to soothe and shelter her. Now it was but a delegated power. The girl's words proved that. Even thirteen years of care and fondness had not won the love that only blood can give. She would willingly fly to her father who had neglected and scorned her—the husband of the mother who had died in neglect and sorrow—away from the home that had shielded her mother and herself.

Poor Philip! It was a natural instinct; but it only made him feel more bitterly the injury that Marian had done him.

At last the passion was over, Hilda raised her head and kissed her uncle and then crept upon the bed and laid her flushed cheek softly against that pale, withered one on the pillow.

"Forgive me, dear Aunt Bessie," she said, "I would not go away from you for the world. But it does seem so hard to think that my own father may be somewhere—perhaps not so very far off—and he will not come to see his child. Oh, if he would come! I would ask him all about my mother, auntie," she said abruptly.

"How old was my mother when she died?"

"Twenty-three!" whispered Bessie.

"Only ten year older than I am," said Hilda. "It was very young, was it not?"

"Yes; darling; young indeed, to die so," she replied. "But it was God's will, Hilda, There, do not cry anymore; but try to compose yourself. Perhaps you had better leave me now, my dear child, and then I might try to sleep a little."

Hilda rose, calmed herself with wonderful strength and self possession, and kissed the dying woman.

"Forgive me, dear auntie," she said. "I was selfish. I didn't mean to distress you. But you will let me come again presently, will you not?"

"Yes, darling, yes; there, go now."

Hilda smoothed the pillow, then laid the coverlet gently over the invalid, drew the curtains, so as to shade her from the light, and still lingered.

"Darling auntie must I really go?" she asked.

"Yes, dear; and you too, Philip," she said. "But leave the door ajar, and I will call you when I awake. You remember all, Philip; you will do all I wished?"

"Yes," said he tenderly, "your wishes shall be fulfilled to the letter."

"Thanks, thanks," she cried; "now go. I feel happy now and I shall sleep."

Philip bent over her, kissed her forehead, then led Hilda from the room. They went into the ante-room and sat down in silence. Avice Merton was there. She had returned silently and stealthily to the room.

How long had Avice been there? What had she heard? Who but herself could tell?

"Avice," said Philip, starting when he saw her, "Bessie is going to sleep. It may perhaps be sometime ere she wakes. Will you go and ensure perfect quiet in the house? and then do not let us impose further on your strength. Go to bed dear Avice; although you have lost too much rest, I trust your care may be needed much longer yet."

Perhaps the "dear Avice" and the kindly interest expressed might have something to do with her compliance; for slowly and sadly she took leave of her cousin, and prepared to leave the room.

"Hilda will come also, will she not? she said.'

"No; it is Bessie's wish," was the reply.

Avice left the room with a shadow darkening her face; and then the brother and ward began their watch.

Philip sat in the large chair, his back turned to Hilda, striving to nerve his saddened heart for the separation which he knew was fast approaching—the separation from his faithfully loving sister. And Hilda hung over the flickering fire, gazing with tearful eyes on the golden locket whence smiled into her own her mother's sweet eyes. Alas! that this gaze had been the reflex of a treacherous heart—her father's darkly shining orbs!

Thus two hours went by. The sun had long gone down behind the western hills; the skies were darkened with the deep shades of night, and one bright star arose over that lonely grave where Philip's heart was ever turning; and a low, deep, dreary murmur, like the voice of the distant sea, sighed through the tall poplars and ash trees that shaded the old mansion, lulling its tenants to a dreamy repose. No sound was heard in the vast mansion but the ticking of a heavy clock, until at last silence grew oppressive, and Hilda shivered.

"Let me go and see if Aunt Bessie is still asleep," she said, softly.

With a like vague dread over him, or which he could not account, Philip silently assented. Hilda stole softly in, then returned with a paler face.

"She is so still!" she said, in a hushed voice. "Go to her, Uncle Philip."

Philip obeyed; his own heart beat violently as he went softly and silently into the room. A ray of moonlight had penetrated through the curtains and fell on one hand which lay over the coverlet. Philip kissed it; it was cold as ice. Then another, a still brighter ray, fell over her face, so pale, so rigid, that he knew, as he pressed his lips to hers, that Death had been there before him.

Yes, Bessie Arden was dead. She—the lonely, the desolate one, who had given up her own dearest hopes of happiness at the call of duty, whose whole life had been one long sacrifice—was gone for her reward. Silently and sweetly as an infant lapses into slumber had she yielded her breath; and though every other feature wore the rigid impress of death, yet about her lips came the youthful smile, that faint but beautiful smile which is often seen hovering on the face of the dead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## An Old Letter.

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS.

DISAPPOINTED!

"Who?

"You and I. Especially I. You must think me the most fickle of women. Perhaps I am; indeed, I am almost sure I am; therefore I need your friendship all the more. Really, though, my absence Saturday was unavoidable, and I missed a rare pleasure. I intended writing to you last night but—was blue; and as, by some odd chance, I often write to you when in such a mood, I resolved to wait until I could gladden your heart with the announcement of a happier frame of mind. Of course you draw an inference, but it is not an entirely correct one.

"And now before I bid you *au revoir*—my message—meet me Wednesday morning, at ten, if you are in town. If not, write to me."

That was the old note Nelly Armstrong held in her hand and scrutinized with cold doubting eyes.

It was written in a clear feminine hand, upon heavy faintly-green paper, and though unsigned it was headed by a handsome monogram.

There was no date, no envelope; and the letter might have been written a day or a decade of years ago.

Mrs. Armstrong sighed and locked it in her desk.

She would have given a great deal to know to whom that note had been written, and by whom.

She had found it while house-cleaning, in a dilapidated portfolio of her husband's, among a quantity of yellowed papers and brief clippings.

"Nelly, dear, have you a sheet of note-paper you can spare me? I find mine is quite gone," her husband said, that evening.

"Yes, Frank; look in my desk."

She had quite forgotten the unsigned letter she had locked in there in the morning, until Mr. Armstrong's hand was upon the tiny key.

Then she waited, watching him closely for his discovery of it.

He lifted the dainty lid, and put out his hand for the paper, and saw the pale green sheet and the monogram upon the slightly raised corner.

His face grew strangely pale.

"Where did you get this, Nelly?" he demanded, swiftly.

"Out of an old portfolio you told me to burn this morning while house-cleaning," she answered, coolly. "I thought you might value it," she added, with a slight touch of sarcasm.

Her husband paid no attention to the little thrust; he was studying the note.

"I hope you kept your appointment with the fair writer," Nelly ventured again, presently.

"This letter was not written to me," he answered quietly, folding it and placing it in the inner pocket of his coat.

"But you know who wrote it?" persisted Nelly.

"Yes. I know," he replied, concisely, and began his writing.

If for that evening there was a slight cloud upon Mrs. Armstrong's fair brow her husband appeared quite unconscious of it; indeed, he seemed utterly engrossed in troubled and melancholy thoughts.

A week after the episode which still rankled in Nelly Armstrong's mind, while driving through the village in her little basket-phaeton, she chanced to stop for the afternoon mail.

Among the letters that were brought her was one addressed to her husband—addressed in a clear hand that she would have recognized instantly without the accompanying monogram and rare paper that proclaimed the writer identical with her who had penned that odd note Nelly had found in the old portfolio.

Mr. Armstrong found the letter beside his plate at dinner, and read it without a word of comment.

But the next morning he announced to his wife that he would send her sister out from town to stay with her for a week, as business would detain him from home for a few days.

Poor proud little Nelly.

She indulged her jealousy, and indignation and grief to the full in the few hours that she knew must elapse before Kate's arrival; and then she put on her brightest looks and gayest manners.

But oh, how the days dragged—one—two three—four—while she waited for Frank's return.

And then—it was the fourth night; she and Kate sat silent over their dinner, when the gate opened, there was the sound of voices in the hall, and Frank threw wide the dining-room door and led into their presence a slender, white-faced, passionate-eyed woman and a vividly handsome man, whose youth seemed to have been suddenly frozen into age by the almost snowy hair that surmounted his dark flushed face, and the slightly frosty mustache that adorned his full red upper lip.

"Nelly, Kate, this is my brother, Mr. Henry Armstrong, and his wife. Nelly, dear, we have come a long journey, and are almost famished. I hope you have plenty for us to eat."

Henry Armstrong

Frank's brother!

And she, his wife, had never known that he had a brother!

But there was something in her husband's tone, and the quick nervous way in which he confined her conversation to general subjects that Nelly interpreted aright.

She knew that he wished her to accept the situation as if it was quite an expected and natural one, and she did her part with the nicest ladylike manner, and quite incurious cordiality.

"What a darling, helpful, comforting little treasure of a wife you are, Nelly!" her husband exclaimed, fervently, that night, when they were first alone, taking her in his arms and pressing unnumbered kisses upon her lips. "Stay still here, dear," drawing her down upon his knees, "I have a story to tell you—such a sad story; but I am sure my Nelly will not refuse to love and help the two whom it concerns, and whom I have ventured to make her guests for a time.

"I never told you that I had a brother, dear, because we—my father and I—cast him off years ago.

"He was a brilliant, reckless, handsome boy, just two years older than myself, but so wild and dissipated but every friend but one lost all his faith in him.

"That one was Marie Reynolds.

"He had known and liked her as Marie Herrick; but I think it was only as the widow of his friend Reynolds that he came to love her.

"Reynolds too had been wild enough, and though he was very wealthy, I imagine his girl-wife had a hard life with him, and felt only relief at his death.

"Then it was though, despite the remonstrances of friends and her own better judgment, that her intimacy with my brother ripened.

"He loved her madly, and, believing his love reciprocated, urged her to marry him; she as persistently refused, claiming that she was only a friend—afraid, no doubt, to trust her future a second time to the keeping of a man of his habits.

"One day Henry went from this house, which had always till then afforded him a shelter when he chose to claim it, and never came back, for the next we heard he had been convicted of forgery and sent to prison.

"From that time until my father's death my brother's name was never mentioned.

"We knew none of the particulars, nor sought to know them.

"Strangely enough, Mrs. Reynolds disappeared from her own home at the same time and every effort of her friends to trace her whereabouts failed, but no one, I least of all, though I had known more of her intimacy with my brother than any one else, dreamed at that time that her absence was in any way connected with Henry's fate.

"That note you found in my old portfolio first suggested to me a strange suspicion.

"If he met her upon that day, it was, I happened to be sure, the morning of the day he was arrested.

"I commenced a new line of search, though it was seven years I knew since that note was written—and discovered everything.

"Mrs. Reynolds, under an assumed name, was living near the prison where my brother was serving his term of punishment.

"When he had met her and despairingly confessed all, expecting to be tortured by her contemptuous eyes and bitter scorn, the love she had controlled until then suddenly and passionately asserted itself.

"She urged him to get through his trial as speedily and quietly as possible by immediately pleading guilty, and pledged herself to become his wife as soon as he should again be a free man.

"Her devotion, and trust, and patience, have upheld him through those dreadful seven years, and made I believe, an entirely different and a vastly better man of him.

"When I found what she had done, I too forgave him, and succeeded in getting him pardoned.

"From the last three years of his sentence he has been saved, and their thankfulness was celebrated by their immediate marriage.

"Nelly, can you too accept them as friends and relatives, and make them welcome here until Marie's property is finally adjusted, and they can commence their new life abroad?"

His wife's eyes answered him; and the next morning Nelly's gentle kiss, bestowed upon both Mr. and Mrs. Henry Armstrong, was a silent token to them that she had enfolded them in her heart.

Happy little heart.

It never confessed even to Frank its one short season of foolish unrest.

THE improvement of poor men's houses shows practical results in London, where the Improved Industrial Dwelling Company shows a death rate in its houses one-third less than that of London generally.

## Bric-a-Brac.

THE DRAGON.—An English professor declares that the dragon was a reality, and that he was a native of New Zealand. Some one has been good enough to send him a quantity of bones, from which he propounds the fact the animal was quite like that which St. George did for; that he was horned all over, had a vast mouth full of teeth, and powerful claws, and a barbed tail full of rings each supporting two pair of spikes, and each measuring ten inches, with wings which would enable the monster to mount into the air, and with the power of hibernating.

THE SULTAN'S LOT.—The Sultan's lot is surely a happy one. He has ten servants whose special duty is to unfold the carpets for him when he is going to pray, ten to take care of his pipes and cigarettes, two to dress his royal hair and twenty to attend to his clean shirts. There is a multitude of other attendants about the palace; indeed it is stated that almost a hundred families and about four thousand persons live at his Majesty's expense. He is an extravagant housekeeper; the expenditures of the palace are mentioned as nearly $15,000,000 a year.

POLITICAL JUMPING.—Cardinal Richelieu, amongst all his business, found a recreation in violent exercises; and he was once discovered jumping with his servant, to try who would reach the highest side of a walk. De Grammont, observing the cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump with him and in the true spirit of a courtier having made some efforts, which nearly reached the cardinal's, confessed the cardinal surpassed him. This was jumping like a politician; as by this means he is said to have ingratiated himself with the minister.

HAWK AND HANDSAW.—It is curious to trace the origin of popular sayings. There is the common proverb, "I know a hawk from a handsaw." It owes its origin to the sport of hawking. In mediæval times heronries were kept for the sport of pursuing the herons with hawks. The heronry was often known as a hernshaw, and the word evidently collective, came in time to be applied to a single bird. Hence the proverb, "I know a hawk from a hernshaw," that is to say I can tell a falcon from the heron it pursues. In the lapse of time the word hernshaw has become corrupted into the meaningless form "handsaw."

NAPOLEON'S LOVE.—Napoleon, at the time of his marriage, employed an artist to paint, in the most exquisite style, a miniature of Josephine. This he always wore about his person. In the rough and stirring course in which he had launched, it would not, to ordinary feelings, have been matter of marvel if accident, would occur to the portrait. But the feelings of the youthful conqueror of Italy were not either for good or evil of common character. One day, the glass covering of the miniature was found to be broken—how, he knew not. From this occurence, he immediately conceived a presentiment of the death of the original, and enjoyed no peace of mind till the return of the courier, despatched express to bring him tidings of Josephine.

PORSON'S HEAD.—Porson, the celebrated professor of Greek, in the University of Cambridge, was a confirmed sot, and when he was so tipsy that he could no longer articulate English; he would utter Greek as fluently as a drunken Helot. The memory of this man was remarkable, and he has been known to give the product of a sum, of which the multiplicand and multiplier were of nine figures, in one minute, and without the assistance of paper or pencil. After his death, a cast was taken of his head, which was also opened, and its development utterly annihilated the theory of the phrenologist with respect to him, for all the organs of obtuseness and stupidity were magnificently displayed, and the professor's skull was the thickest that ever came under the notice of the surgeons.

THE LION SERMON.—Two hundred and fifty years ago a certain knight, who afterwards became Lord Mayor of London, being in the deserts of Arabia, became detached from the caravan, and, while quite alone and unarmed, was much alarmed by seeing a lion approaching him. He fell upon his knees and asked the Lord to deliver him from his perilous position. The lion looked upon him savagely, but after a few moments walked away in an opposite direction. The merchant on rising from his knees made a solemn vow that he would commemorate this providential deliverance by some benevolent act. Reaching home he accordingly left a sum of money for a sermon. This sermon has been preached every year since that time in one of the city churches. It is called, "the Lion Sermon."

A STRANGE BIRD.—There is a bird in New Guinea which, in the size of its eggs and its manner of hatching them, must be considered extraordinary. It is not larger than one of our ordinary fowls, but it eggs are three inches long by two and a half in diameter. It does not attempt to sit on them. A colony of birds lay their eggs together in a large mound, in the hottest part of the year, from September to March, and leave them to be hatched by the sun. The mound is made of sand, loose earth, and sticks and leaves, which latter by their decay, increase the heat. The mounds are wonderfully large, being ten feet high and about six feet in circumference at the base. The young birds come out at a hole in the top. The mother bird waits on the trees around till her chicks are hatched, and then leads off her own brood. How each knows its own is a mystery.

### ONE DAY.

BY LYDIA F. HINMAN.

Good-by, dear day, good-by!
  And let me wreathe with immortelles
The moments fair that fly
  On golden wings of love; and mark with white
The hours wherein no cloud of pain
  Hath dimmed thy beauteous light.

Farewell, sweet day, farewell!
  E'en now the gentle curfew peals
From memory's tolling bell,
  I count the echoes as they fall,
And grieve and sigh, yet smile, that they
  Are ever past recall.

Good-by, dear day, good-by!
  Like some fond heart we've loved and lost
That in death's grasp doth lie,
  With tender flowers upon the brow,
Each tender bloom a precious hour,
  Thou seem'st unto me now.

Farewell, dear day, farewell!
  Go thou where those sleep that are gone!
For after all 'tis well.
  I would not call back one dead face,
I would not live thine hours again,
  Nor e'en thy joys retrace.

# A LIFE'S MISTAKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE THAT LIVES," "THE FATAL LILIES," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

GABRIEL'S dream of wealth, rank, and position was ended, and the practical every day realities of life had to be looked in the face again. Having made his sacrifice, the young man resolved that his lot should be borne cheerfully. There should be no repining, no discontent, no calling to mind what might have been; there should be no traces, either in his manner, or words, or looks, of the ordeal that he had undergone. He would rise from the blow that had struck him, down a better, braver, nobler man, and would find his comfort in work. Love and marriage would never now be for him, nor the gaieties and pleasures of life. He would devote himself to his beloved art, do what he had always longed to do—interpret the voice of nature to the people, put noble ideas into their minds. It was worth living for; and, if at times his heart grew sad, he must seek the comfort which Heaven never refuses. He had the love of his beautiful mother; and, though he could hope for no return, he could pour out the lavish love of his heart on the ideal of his youth and manhood—Lady May.

Some day, he knew, he should take up a paper and read in it of the marriage of the heiress of Cheaney Manor; he should read the long list of wedding-presents given by many of the noblest in the land, of the magnificent beauty of the bride and the grace of the bridesmaids, of the *dejeuner* with its appropiate speeches, of the sylvan retreat where the happy couple had gone to spend their honeymoon; he should read it all, and after that his life would be a blank. He pictured to himself the years as they rolled on, bringing no woman's love or child's caress to him. At rare intervals he would meet her in society, and she—ah, how well he believed it!—would always have a smile and a welcome for him.

His hair would grow grey, the long, weary years draw to a close, and the day come when he would lie down to die; and there would be no woman's lips to kiss him when he lay dead, no woman to lie on his breast and sob out her love and her sorrow; but—and he raised his eyes, full of love and faith, to heaven—there was a promise to be kept.

"Life is short," he murmured, "and eternity endless. Better life with pain than dishonor."

So with renewed courage he took up the burden of life again. There was always with him a memory of the dimpled poll at Holmhurst, and of the solemn words he had uttered as he sat watching it. Like a strain of music those words came to him:

"Say unto all kinds of happiness, I can do without thee. With self-renunciation life begins."

Later on there came to him a conviction that the passionate love his father had had for his mother was not the highest kind of love. What terrible trouble and anguish of mind it had brought to her! And what had it not entailed on him? Not that he blamed his father; but, as man calmly judging man, he could not help thinking how much better it would have been had he either trampled his love underfoot or made his marriage public. The result of the somewhat selfish tempestuous love had been nothing but misfortune for both wife and child. The young man thought the truest proof of real love was when the one who loved preferred the happiness and welfare of the one beloved to his own.

* * * * * * *

It afforded great relief to Hilary Countess of Lulworth, to see how bravely her son bore his disappointment. Some men, after having been so near gaining fortune and position, would have become sullen and gloomy for the remainder of their lives. Not so this blithe young poet. He was going back to work undaunted.

"I shall come and see you whenever I can, mother," he said during one of his last interviews, "but never when Lady May is at home. You will notify me as to her absence, will you not?"

Lady Lulworth promised.

A few days afterwards Gabriel returned to the marquis and resumed his duties. He smiled when he reached the rooms set apart for him.

"Who would think," he said to himself, 'that since I left those rooms rank and wealth have been almost within my grasp? I must make the name I carry noble, and for fortune I care nothing.'

Yet for a few days it seemed strange to renew his life of hard work. There was one thing he felt he could not do and that was to accede to Cyril's wish by living at Barton Abbey. Away from it, he might forget it; but to live there always was more than he felt to do. He wrote to Lord Ardean and told him that he must refuse his kind offer; at the same time he suggested that Cyril should come up to London if he were not compelled to remain at Barton Abbey.

Thankful for any distraction, Cyril came to town. He had a house in Mayfair—by no mean a Belgravian mansion, but a comfortable, well-furnished residence. It mattered little to him whether he spent the remainder of his life there or at Barton Abbey. The only thing to which he really did cling was the companionship of Gabriel.

On the night of his arrival in town Gabriel went to see him, and was struck by the change in him. He seemed much worse; he was thin, pale, and haggard, and looked as if he had suffered a great deal of pain. Gabriel eagerly took his hand.

"So you will not come to Barton Abbey Gabriel?" said Lord Ardean, with a faint smile. "How can I bribe you? What can I say to induce you to change your mind?"

"Nothing," replied Gabriel. "I have a reason which I cannot disclose; but it is an imperative one. I will see you as often as I can in town. I cannot leave the marquis just yet, for this is the most important session we have had for some time."

"But you will not come to Barton Abbey?"

"It is not that I will not, but that I cannot," replied the young man. "Some day I may tell you the cause of my refusal, but I cannot now."

"You are not in love with any one who lives near there, are you?"

"No; I do not love any one who lives there," laughed Gabriel.

"You will tell me some day why you have declined?" said Lord Ardean. "Promise me that."

"I promise," answered Gabriel, "and I will keep my word. All that I can do for you here in London I will do."

"That is pledging yourself to a great deal," returned the young nobleman. "I am not so well even as I was when I asked you to go home with me."

"You do not look so well," said Gabriel, sadly.

"No; and it will be the greatest boon to me, if you will not live with me, to let me see you at times and hear a few cheery words from your lips."

Gabriel stood watching him with pitying eyes. It seemed to him so unutterably sad that, although the young lord had everything that made life bright, he could have no thoughts but thoughts of death.

From that time he devoted himself to Lord Ardean. He gave all his leisure hours to him, cheered him with kindly words, talked to him, read to him, spent almost every evening with him. What little comfort the young nobleman found in those days came from him entirely. There was great pity and sympathy expressed in social circles for Lord Ardean; and there were times when Gabriel could not avoid hearing people say that Cyril's life would be a short one, and that the next of his kin was a stranger who years before had gone to Canada and would most likely be totally unfit in every way for a high position.

One night, when Gabriel went to the house in Mayfair, he found Lord Ardean not only very ill, but greatly depressed.

"You do not seem so well to-night, Cyril," he said.

"No; I have been doing what I know to be both foolish and useless. I have been thinking about my successor. I am afraid, Gabriel, it is all over with the grand old race of the Ardeans; all the traditions of the house will be lost."

"Hope for the best and prepare for the worst," said Gabriel, cheerily.

"I know what I wish," continued Lord Ardean, gloomily—they were standing together in the little picture gallery where the invalid spent most of his time.

"What is that?" asked Gabriel.

"Why, that Captain Carlisle had married, and left a son to inherit instead of me."

There was a profound silence for some minutes. The young nobleman did not see the sudden pallor that came over the face of his friend, nor did he hear the gasping cry that was stifled on his lips. Then Gabriel turned slowly to Lord Ardean.

"Would that have pleased you? Would you have been glad if Captain Carlisle had left a son?"

"Glad? I should have loved him with all my heart!" exclaimed Lord Ardean. "I should have been glad indeed!"

Gabriel offered no remark, and during the remainder of the evening the young nobleman could not help noticing that his companion was unusually silent.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE London season had begun once more. The Marquis of Doone had been to Paris and Vienna, and had taken with him the handsome young secretary whose fame as a poet was spreading far and wide. They were abroad for some months, and during that time Gabriel had conquered the feelings of disappointment that would have paralyzed the energies of most men. Then, when Parliament met, the great statesman returned home.

Lord and Lady Lulworth had spent some months at Langton Wolde. Lady May had been staying with them; and the earl and countess had now come up to Helme House for the season. One by one the great notabilities returned to town—the leading beauties, distinguished statesmen, men who made their names famous in literature, science, and art.

Gabriel knew that he should have to meet Lady May, that he must see her almost daily, that the sweet peril of her presence could never be removed, that he must face the difficulty and danger with all the bravery he could muster. He knew that the dream of his life had faded; yet a keen pain seized him when he heard that Lord Aberdale was back in town, and was more devoted than ever to Lady May Flemyng. He should have to see them together and witness his devotion.

"Never mind," he said, with dogged resolution; "I shall find out how much a man can endure without giving way."

After all he thought, his fate was not as hard as that of Cyril Ardean. He had health and strength; the fear of death did not hang over him like a funeral pall. With so much to be thankful for, he must not despair.

His growing fame as a poet was most grateful to him. The name of Gabriel Holmes was known all over the land. Great things were predicted of him. His admirers said that, when his genius was matured, he would write as few poets had written. He was praised all the more because his verse was so pure, so ennobling. He did not defile the gift that Heaven had given him by using it for the perversion of the minds of readers; he never forgot purity, loyalty and honor. A young girl might have read every word he wrote without a blush rising to her cheeks.

Gabriel had looked forward with the keenest interest to the arrival of the earl and countess at Helme House; and one morning the welcome news came that Lady Lulworth would be pleased to see him at noon. He wondered whether Lady May was with them. Then he told himself that he must not let his mind dwell upon her, or it would render him unfit for work. If she were at Helme House, and he had to see her, he must summon all his courage to his aid. When he reached the earl's residence, he could scarcely speak for emotion. It was fortunate for him and for Lady Lulworth that they met without witnesses. When she saw the son whom she loved so dearly, yet dared not own, she grew deathly pale. She drew his face down to hers and kissed it.

"I have hungered and thirsted for the sight of you, Gabriel!" she cried; and he was as greatly moved as herself.

After the first joy of the meeting was over and he had time to look at her, he was not well pleased with her appearance. Her beautiful face had changed considerably since he had left her. It was as lovely as ever, but it wore an expression of suffering.

"Mother," he said, "I may dare to tell you so, for there is no one near—you do not look either well or happy. I read in the paper this morning that the queen of beauty and fashion, the countess of Lulworth, has returned to her kingdom; but the queen of beauty does not look bright and radiant. What is wrong?"

She spoke more solemnly than she had ever spoken before.

"I cannot ignore my conscience, Gabriel: I cannot be deaf to its voice. I am not able, for one moment, to forget my secret. Oh, if I could but speak with a voice that the world would hear, how I would preach to all young girls that prudence in which I failed so signally myself! I see all so plainly now; the glamor of first love was upon me. Ah, Gabriel, if I had been more sensible, if I had resisted my own fancy, if I had been—ah, I must say it!—more unselfish, how much better would it have been for my poor Lewis and myself! I know that all repining over the past is useless; yet I wish my bitter experience could be of use to others."

"I wish you would forget all about it, my beloved mother, with this exception, that you must always love me. I could not spare any of your love; I could not do without it."

"I cannot forget the past," she said, sadly. "If I awake in the night, I think of it, and in the daytime I never lose sight of it. If I hear mothers speak with pride of their sons, my heart yearns for you. When I hear of other young men taking a lead in the great movements of the day, I think of you, and what a career would lie before you if you had your own. Ah, Gabriel, you cannot imagine how my heart aches! Then I hear people speak of you and your poems, and I long to cry out that you are mine—my own son."

"The knowledge that I am amply contents me, mother."

He tried to soothe her, to dispel her sad thoughts, but she was greatly agitated.

"It is I," she said, "who am keeping you out of your lawful rights. It is to save me from blame that you, who ought to be Lord Ardean of Barton Abbey, remain in obscurity."

"Not obscurity, dear mother," he answered, tenderly. "You forget that I have a fame of my own. Dear as is the name of Ardean to me for your sake, the title of poet is even dearer. When I pass some man or child in the street with the words of one of my songs on his lips, I feel a pleasure sweeter and keener than the most ancient title and the greatest wealth in England could give me."

"Is it really true, Gabriel?" she asked, touching with a loving caress the clusters of golden hair. "You are not saying that to comfort me?"

"No; it is perfectly true, sweet mother."

"If in addition to my other troubles, I thought you considered me unjust, it would kill me."

"There is no injustice, mother. It is a combination of circumstances over which you have no control. Look at the difficulty with the same calm judgment you bring to bear on other things."

"I cannot," she murmured "because you are concerned in it."

"You must look at it in this light. Supposing that I, at your wish, took action in this matter, that you made public the story of your marriage, and I made public my claim; people might deem it a conspiracy, especially as there would not be a single proof to offer in support of the claim."

"You are right," she said, sadly; "we have not one; still it is very hard on you, Gabriel."

"But if I do not find it hard, mother? Look well at me and tell me if you think I appear one whit less happy than I was before I knew of my parentage."

"I cannot say that you do. Still, that does not lessen the injustice."

"But you see that it cannot be helped," he went on. "I was going to point out to you, mother dearest, that all that we should gain by stirring in the matter would be this, that you would have the attention of all England drawn to you. No one knows how the earl would take it, or what would happen."

She laid her head on his shoulder.

"Still, for your sake, I would risk it."

"You shall not. I will never let you do any such thing. Oh, mother, dearest, forget everything save our love for each other!"

She kissed him, but did not speak. His constant devotion and loyalty touched her heart as it had never been touched before.

"Mother," he said, after a pause, "I want to ask you one question. Do not think that there is any faltering or weakness on my part. Is Lady May here?"

"No, Gabriel. She comes next week."

"And Lord Aberdale? Is anything settled yet?"

"No—not yet, Gabriel."

There was such an an expression of pain on her face that he did not like to ask any more questions; but she, knowing that his heart was in the subject just broached, went on.

"I am not sure that Lady May would accept Lord Aberdale. Indeed, I have never quite understood her, and I suppose never shall, so far at least as her love-affairs are concerned. I will let you know when she comes."

He thanked her and left her. How different matters would have been, he thought, had the lost register leaf been found!

## CHAPTER XXIX.

THERE came one morning to Gabriel a little note with these words: "I thought it better to tell you that Lady May Flemyng is here. She came last evening. This evening we shall be at Lady Parterre's ball. Will you come? I think it will be much better for you to meet Lady May first in a crowd; it will be less painful to you. "H. L."

The young man had tried all the resources of philosophy, of reason, and of common sense, and, while Lady May was absent, he believed he had succeeded in conquering his love; but no sooner did he know that she was in the same city, that he was breathing the same air, that at any hour he could see her face, hear her voice, than the old madness came back a thousand times worse than ever.

He sat down to his work, but never had he found it so difficult to concentrate his attention. The lovely face and dark, haunting eyes of Lady May seemed to beam at him from every sheet of paper.

"It will be different when I have seen her," he thought. "Let me once get over that and all will be well. It is the thought of having to meet her that unnerves me."

He would have been more unnerved still had he heard the conversation that took place between Lady Lulworth and her husband's beautiful ward on the night of her arrival. There was the most warm and sincere affection between the two ladies. Lady May thought the countess the most beautiful of women, perfect in her grace, her queenly dignity, her sweet temper and loving heart; while the countess on her part believed that there was no girl so fair and winsome as Lady May. She loved her all the more because her son loved her; and perhaps the deep affection both had for Gabriel was, quite unconsciously to themselves, the strongest link between them.

The countess' love for her son was immeasureable; but it was a never-ending source of pain that he was through her deprived of his birthright. There was never a moment in which the memory of it did not cause her extreme anguish. When she took Rose and Ita into her arms, it grieved her that she could not bestow upon her eldest son the same open, lavish affection that she bestowed upon them.

She little dreamed, when the glamor of love was strong upon her, that she was forging for herself a chain that would afterward prove to be of iron. It seemed to be made of roses then; but the weight of it now was almost more than she could bear.

She was so sensitive that the very knowledge of her terrible secret made her at times long for death. More than once she had been smitten to the very heart by hearing some careless speaker, after referring to Lord Ardean's bad state of health and his probable successor, say that it was a great pity Captain Carlisle had died unmarried. The sweet love-story of her youth, with its fatal ending, seemed to face her now at every turn of her life.

That her son, the rightful heir of vast estates, should be excluded, while strangers,

who were almost aliens, stepped into his place, was most terrible to her. She saw now with saddened eyes, where the great mistake of her life lay: but it was too late to remedy it. Above all, she regretted most bitterly having married Lord Lulworth without letting him know the truth.

On the night of Lady May's return to the scene of her former triumphs the countess went up to the girl's dressing-room to exchange confidences to report what Rose and Ru had been doing, to inspect some superb Parisian toilets, and listen to the history of the last days that Lady May had been spending at a duke's mansion.

She was somewhat startled when the young beauty turned suddenly to her and asked:

"Have you seen Gabriel? Is he in town? Is he well?"

"Three questions at once, May! Yes, I have seen him. He is in town, but very busy. I believe he is perfectly well."

"I cannot understand Gabriel," the young heiress went on, in an aggrieved tone. "Such friends as we have always been, so intimate all these years; and yet last year, all at once, without rhyme or reason, he seemed to forget my very existence."

"Nay," said Lady Lulworth; "I cannot believe that."

"He avoided me: I know he did. I found it out more than once; and I considered it very unkind, Lady Lulworth."

"My dear child, do not be indignant with me; it's no fault of mine."

"No; still I cannot help feeling indignant. Since we were children together we have always been friends. Ah, how well I remember that morning in the garden at Langton Wolde, when he came out to get some roses for his mother!" She did not see how the countess winced at the words, but went on, "I asked him his name and he said 'Gabriel,' I wanted to vex him, and said that was a girl's name: but he said 'No—it was the name of an archangel.' I felt his indifference last year very much."

"Do you see the reason for it?" asked the Countess.

The girl looked at her with a puzzled face.

"Are you thinking of the difference in our social positions? Oh, Lady Lulworth, I should have considered Gabriel too noble in himself ever to have suspected me of entertaining such a thing!"

She did not know that her words pierced the heart of her companion; but the gentle countess gave no sign of the wound.

"I have never thought of such a thing," continued Lady May. "Gabriel may be the son of the lodgekeeper at Langton Wolde: but to me he has always seemed one of those men who are kings by nature. I have never even remembered the difference of rank between us. I can scarcely believe he is so foolish."

"You should ask him yourself, my dear," said the countess.

"No; since he has chosen to be unkind to me without cause, I will not ask him anything at all about it: but I have felt his indifference very much indeed."

"And do you really know of no reason why he should avoid you?" asked Lady Lulworth.

"None in the world: but I know of twenty why he should seek me," was the reply, "I shall treat him just as he has treated me."

In her heart the countess knew that this decision was best. The more coldly Lady May treated her son the better it would be for him. Yet it was hard. But she had something to hear which was harder still.

"Is it true about Cyril Ardean?" asked the girl, abruptly.

"Is what true, May?"

"I was told yesterday, where I was staying, that he was very ill, and that it was not likely he would live long. I was grieved to hear it. I liked Cyril. He stands out from a number of men who are all of one stamp—clear and distinct, quite by himself; he has plenty of character. I like Lord Ardean. Is the news true, do you think?"

"I am afraid it is," answered Lady Lulworth; and this time there was a faint tremor in her voice which attracted the girl's attention at once.

"You are sorry for him too, I see. Everyone must be. I like Barton Abbey. If it were mine, I should not like to die and leave it. I really think," she continued, musingly, "that, of all the places I have seen I admire the Abbey most. Chesney Manor seems quite modern when compared with it. Langton Wolde is of course far more magnificent, but it is by no means so picturesque. If anything could tempt me to marry, it would be to have a home like Barton."

Another wound to the tender heart! The countess grew pale with emotion. Oh, if her son, her handsome, fair-haired Gabriel, could but have his own!

"You do not mean that, May," she said, after a pause. "It is the man, not the mansion, you will marry."

"I am quite serious in saying that I should like the Abbey for my home," returned the girl, "and that it would be a great inducement to me to marry."

"But," said Lady Lulworth—"pray excuse me—it is your own fault if what I am about to say offends you—if Barton Abbey would be such an inducement to you to marry, why did you not marry the master when he asked you?"

"That is a very pertinent question. I can only imagine that he was the wrong master," replied Lady May, laughing. "It does seem inconsistent, does it not? The Duke was speaking of Cyril, and he said that when he died one of the oldest families in the land would be extinct. Is it so?"

"No. I have heard that there is a distant branch settled in Canada," said the countess; and in spite of herself, her voice trembled and her cheek blanched. What of her handsome, gifted son, the rightful heir, the boy with his father's face and the noble spirit of the Ardeans in his heart—what of him?

Lady May was looking at her intently.

"You are much interested, I know, in these Ardeans, Lady Lulworth; so am I. It seems hard that Cyril should be doomed to die so early."

"My dearest May, we must all die sooner or later," answered the countess; "and there are times when I think that those are happiest who die young."

"I do not agree with that. I suppose it is very wicked of me; but I cannot help saying that I love life, and do not see any prospect of ever loving it less."

"You have never known sorrow," said Lady Lulworth. "Nothing disenchants one so quickly with life as sorrow."

The girl flung her arms round the stately figure.

"You talk of sorrow, Lady Lulworth, and I don't believe you know what it is."

The countess kissed the radiant face.

"Heaven grant that you never may!" she said evasively.

"I have one sorrow—I think it is a sorrow, but I am not quite decided about it," remarked Lady May, lightly.

"Then it does not weigh very heavily upon you. I wonder what it is?"

"It is about some one you know and I know," answered the young beauty; "and some day I will tell you what it is. Now I must show you my Parisian costumes, about which I hope and believe half London will go into raptures."

While the countess admired the dresses, she was wondering if the sorrow about which the young heiress was undecided had anything to do with Gabriel.

## CHAPTER XXX.

GABRIEL tried hard to concentrate his attention upon his work; but his heart throbbed wildly, his hands trembled, and his thoughts would not leave Lady May. How would she greet him? What would she say? Would she frown or smile be pleased or displeased? He had been sitting at his desk more than two hours, and the only result as yet was the name of Lady May written twenty times over on his blotting pad, three attempts at portraits of her—two profiles, and one full face—and four lines of poetry eulogizing her charms.

When the clock struck nine, the young poet looked with dismay at the result of his labors. The two best hours of the day had been wasted. This would not do. He was more helpless than ever under the influence of love's glamor.

"I will master myself," he said; "and where there is a will there is a way. I will punish myself in this fashion—If I do not complete my day's work, I will not go to Lady Parterre's."

* * * * * *

Gabriel was standing at last in the ball-room, just conscious that Lady Parterre had welcomed him with a coquettish smile and had looked into his eyes while she congratulated him—he scarcely knew about what.

The countess and Lady May had not arrived. He experienced a feeling of relief. It was a respite, he had to still the beating of his heart and the trembling of his frame. He stood at the further end of the ball-room where he could see Lady May enter, thinking that he should be able to recover himself before he spoke to her.

He knew when she arrived from the subdued murmur that went through the room. Looking in the direction of the door, he saw a tall, slender figure, robed in gold colored brocade, a white neck and shoulders, dark hair fastened with diamond sprays, and a daintily beautiful face with eyes as dark as night.

He saw how people crowded around Lady May—how the noblest present hastened to do her homage; and he said to himself that it was no wonder. From the moment that she entered the room the beauty of all other women seemed to fade away.

The countess, who came with her, in her blonde patrician loveliness excelled all other matrons. She was dressed in pale violet velvet, with a tiara of superb diamonds.

It seemed as though all the light and brightness of the room were centered in those two brilliant, beautiful women. He watched them from afar—the son of one, the lover of the other—and, as he looked at them—so fair, so noble—a great calm came over him.

Lady May did not see Gabriel. In a few minutes she was claimed by the Duke of Barfort for a promised dance; and then the young man went over to his mother's side. Her face flushed with pleasure, as it always did when she saw him.

"You are here then, Gabriel? I thought you would be first. Sit down here by me, unless you are engaged and have a bright-eyed partner waiting for you."

"I am in the light of the eyes I love best," he answered. "Mother, I have seen Lady May, and she looks more beautiful than ever. I did not think she could improve, but she has. Is Lord Aberdale here.

"Yes, I believe so. He sent Lady May a superb bouquet of amber roses for this evening, but I see she has left them at home."

"What a beautiful face she has!" said Gabriel. "I wish I could give her a fan or a bracelet, or something she could wear. It would afford me the greatest happiness I could ever know. The dance is ended," he added; "shall we go and speak to her?"

"It will pain you, Gabriel."

He threw back his head with a laugh in which there was some trace of pain.

"I could brave anything with you by my side, mother."

She felt proud of him. When he stood before the heiress, the only thing that betrayed the emotion he felt was a sudden pallor round his lips when Lady May spoke to him. He bowed and held out his hand to her. She did not look up at him with laughing, saucy eyes as she would once have done. Her face flushed and her eyes fell; and the brilliant beauty who was quite at her ease with prince or peer was agitated and confused.

"You have startled me, Gabriel," she said. "I did not know that you were here."

"I am sorry to be here if it does not please you," he replied.

"Do not talk nonsense! It is the first time I have seen you for many months. Why should your being here displease me?"

"You do not seem pleased at seeing me, Lady May."

"That is fancy, Gabriel. You should not bring your fancies into real life. How are you?"

"You have not given him much chance to tell you, my dear," laughed the countess.

"You are right. I have not been very amiable, I am afraid. Now, Gabriel"—with renewed amiability—"I ask, how are you?"

"Well, and delighted to see you again," he answered.

Still Lady May was not herself—she was embarrassed and ill at ease. She seemed to wish to be on the old frank footing with him yet to find it impossible. Lady Lulworth watched the girl with wonder.

"If it were any one else, I should think she was in love with him," she said to herself; and then, some one coming up to speak to her, she left them together.

"I am not quite sure, Gabriel," said Lady May, "whether I ought to speak to you at all."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because last year you treated me most impolitely, I never could imagine what I had done to offend you. After being as kind to me as my own brother could have been, you seemed all at once to forget my existence. Did I offend you, Gabriel?"

"No," he replied, briefly, "you did not—you never could, Lady May."

"Then there is no excuse for you."

She looked so bewitching that he was strongly tempted to tell her that he loved her with all his heart, but he bethought himself of his resolve.

"I believe, Gabriel" said Lady May, impatiently, "that you have forgotten we were children together."

"To forget that would be to forget the happiest part of my life."

She shook her head and there was a mischievous gleam in her dark eyes.

"Why should that period have been so much happier than this is?" she asked. We were children then—now we are grown up, and have a thousand sources of interest."

"And a thousand more of pain," he answered.

"Then we see them for ourselves. That is the way with you poets—you are all alike—you do nothing but cry out about sorrow and pain. What pain can you have? Every one likes you, you are a favorite wherever you go, and have almost every gift that Heaven could lavish on a man—yet you talk of pain! I suppose," she added, "poets are never like other people."

"I suppose not," rejoined Gabriel. "In all probability they feel more keenly, enjoy more, suffer more, realize more, than others."

"Gabriel," said Lady May, "is it true about Cyril's illness?"

"Quite true," he answered, sadly. "I am afraid that Lord Ardean's days are numbered.

"I am so sorry. Tell him so from me, Gabriel, will you? He never leaves home now, they say, or I should ask him to call upon me."

"Any message from you would please him, I am sure," said Gabriel; "and it will delight me to take it."

Later on, when she had finished a dance with Gabriel, she spoke again of Cyril.

"I want you to promise me not to forget my message to him. Tell him that I often think of him, alone and in pain, and that I send kindest wishes to him and long to hear that he is better. And, Gabriel, take him this."

In the bodice of her new dress were fastened some lilies-of-the-valley. She took a few of the flowers and gave them to him.

"Give these to him with my warmest sympathy," she said. "Tell him how much I feel for him, and that I hope he will keep up his courage."

"You are sending him a very valuable gift, Lady May."

"Do you think so? I wish I could send him something of more value."

"You could not," said Gabriel. "I know what store he will set on these. They will be buried with him."

"Poor Cyril!" she murmured.

The man who worshiped her so utterly said to himself that he would cheerfully die to have the same sweet pity.

* * * * * *

"Shall I see you at Helme House?" asked Lady May, as Gabriel stood by the carriage door.

"I will come to-morrow and tell you what Lord Ardean says in answer to your kind message; but my duties have increased so much lately that I have not the leisure time I had last year."

"And you cannot make it?" she said, satirically.

"Make what—leisure time? Oh, no! I wish I could, Lady May."

"Good by, then, Gabriel! I shall feel honored by seeing you when you can make any leisure time."

He was puzzled by her behavior to him, and could not see what was plain enough—that she loved him with her whole heart.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

"YOU do not mean it—you cannot mean it!" said Cyril, as he took the lilies from Gabriel's hands. "Ah, me, she would not be so kind to me unless she was quite sure that I was dying!"

"Do not misjudge her. She has not a thought which is not good and tender. She has a most loving heart."

"And she really sent me these—sent them with such sympathetic words! Ah, it has made it doubly hard for me to die!"

A flush passed over Cyril's pale face, and his dull eyes brightened.

"Gabriel do you think that she cares for me a little—just a little?"

"I think she cares for you a great deal, and that she has the keenest of sympathy for you. She spoke of you repeatedly to me."

"Do you think," asked Cyril, with a sob, "that if I had been well and strong, and like other men, she would have married me?"

"I cannot say; I was not thinking of love. She spoke of you as a friend speaks of a friend—kindly and tenderly. I do not think any idea of lovers or of love was in her mind."

"Does she know, then, how ill I am?" said Lord Ardean, after a pause.

"I think it is pretty generally known, Cyril," replied Gabriel. "And why should you mind its being known? I do not see why you should desire secrecy. Every one who knows of your illness expresses profound sympathy for you."

"I have always had the idea that there is something effeminate in the man who speaks much of illness."

"Not of such illness as yours, rejoined Gabriel. "Besides, you are not effeminate; you do not complain. You simply state a painful fact when you state that you are ill. I think that, if I were in your place, I should not shut myself out from sympathy. On the contrary, I believe it would do you good. See how Lady May's message has cheered you!"

"If anything could keep me from dying, it would be her love. But then I could never win it. When I think at times of the doom that is hanging over me, I say to myself, I love her so dearly that her love would keep me from dying!"

"My dear Cyril, that is but a fancy—a pretty one, but a fancy still."

"I love her with all my heart," the sick man went on. "She is as fair in my eyes as an angel. The bitterness of death lies in not being able to win her and dying without her. And so she sent me these—took them from her dress purposely for me! Gabriel, if you are with me when I die, see that they are laid next to my heart."

"I know you would wish that; I told her so."

"Did you?" said Cyril, looking very pleased. "I am glad that you spoke of me to her; it comforts me. I have often wondered if, before I die, she would let me kiss her beautiful face just once—only once!"

"She is all that is most kind and tender," answered Gabriel. "If you were very ill, Cyril, she would come with Lady Lulworth to see you, I am sure."

"I shall ask her," said Lord Ardean, solemnly. "I long to see her again. Ah me! if I could but walk once more through the streets with my head erect and no horrible pain to weigh me down! But I must not complain. She told me to be of good cheer, did she not, Gabriel?"

"Yes—and to keep up a brave heart."

"I will do it for her sake. Tell her so."

With deep pity in his heart, Gabriel left the young earl. But he dared not on that day present himself to Lady May. He felt that, with the recollection of her pretty petulance and charming manner fresh upon him, he could not meet her; he should not be able to control himself. He waited two days, and then presented himself at Helme House. He went at a time when he knew that other visitors would be there.

It happened that Lady Lulworth had a great many callers that afternoon; Lord Aberdale was amongst the number. The first sight that greeted Gabriel's eyes was Lady May sitting apart with him and talking very earnestly. The countess was, as usual, delighted to see her son.

"You are in time for five-o'clock tea, Gabriel," she said.

Lady May looked up and vouchsafed him a kindly nod, the indifference of which annoyed him. She was talking in a most gay and animated manner to Lord Aberdale, who seemed more infatuated than ever. Gabriel's heart swelled with bitterness.

"She asked me to come," he thought; "and now that I am here, she has not one word for me!"

He sat by Lady Lulworth and drank the tea she offered him, tried to talk politics with the wife of a member of the Cabinet, and literature with a lady who had just published a book of poems called "Cries of the Soul," a work which made poetry ridiculous. The latter lady was pleased with the attentions of the poet who was so popular, and made "eyes" at him and flattered him until Lady Lulworth laughed and Lady May looked at them with haughty, questioning surprise.

"Have you read my book?" inquired Miss Wyndlas. "If not I must send you a copy. I should like your opinion of it, Mr. Holmes. Promise me to read it."

Gabriel told her that he would do so.

"I shall look forward with great eagerness to your opinion," she simpered; and as she bent forward in what seemed like confidential conversation, Gabriel saw Lady May's face darken.

There was a slight stir in the room. Suddenly he heard the voice whose every tone

vibrated through him utter the one word. "Gabriel." In a moment poetess, poetry, bitterness, and all else were forgotten. He had great difficulty in repressing a cry of delight. The next moment he was standing by Lady May's side, looking at the fair brilliant face that drooped before his.

"Gabriel, why do you converse with that ridiculous woman?" she began impatiently in a low voice.

"I think the chief reason is because there was no one else to talk to, and she was kind enough to seem to enjoy talking to me."

"Such a woman—one who writes such utter nonsense too! I am surprised at you, Gabriel! And you must have known all the time that I wanted to speak to you!"

She raised her head with an imperious gesture.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## The Spirit Maiden.

BY J. P. RICHTER.

Paul stood at the door of his father's mansion, watching the changing colors of the beautiful landscape. His heart was overflowing with tumultuous emotions, thanksgiving and praise to the Watchful One. He turned his head over his shoulder, and glanced back into the chamber which he had just left; there, in his accustomed place, the evening glow tinging his silvery locks, sat the blind and aged father, and at his side, upon a low stool, was seated his young cousin, the meek and fair-haired Bertha.

The maiden held her lute, and her white fingers glanced like snow-flakes over the glistening chords, as she played a light, wild melody. She was singing a Rhenish love-song, and her voice, so sweet and low, fell like the tones of a silver bell upon the evening air.

A soft and holy influence was enveloping Paul's senses; but he thought he saw a white figure glancing in the wood, and a spirit-voice seemed calling to him, as it said:

"Paul, Paul! where art thou!"

The voice called, and the echoes caught the wild, witching melody, and Paul knew that it was the voice of his spirit-maiden singing to him. He walked forth into the wood with a saddened heart, and seated himself upon a mossy stone.

"Etheria, Etheria! here is thy Paul!" he called in answer; but the voice was silent, and he heard only the sound of the wind, as it moved in the leaves, or the dreamy tinklings of the fountain.

Paul had never seen his spirit maiden, clothed in all her virgin beauty, and whispered to him of her love. But she floated upon every gold-tinted cloud. She smiled in the shining sunlight, and breathed words of love in the beautiful flowers. He saw her not, and yet he loved.

The sun was gone quite down, and had left, as a remembrance of what had passed, and what was yet to be, a crown of glorious rose-clouds lingering in the sky. Paul wandered again sorrowfully towards the mansion. Bertha was sitting at the tablette with her Bible open before her, and she read to the aged man the holy words. Never had she looked so lovely. Her soft blue eyes were filled with tears as she read, and her bright, fair hair fell like a beautiful veil over her neck and shoulders. As Paul gazed upon her beauty a gleam of flashing silver light glanced through the apartment; but an instant, and it was gone again. It was not the moonlight—it was the smile of the spirit-maiden. And Paul thought no more of the fair Bertha, but mourned for his soul's shadow.

When the devotion was over, Bertha led the old man to his chamber, and, returning, found Paul sitting, listless and gloomy.

"Paul," whispered the beautiful Rhenish maiden, as she laid her hand gently upon his arm, "thou art sorrowful, and I may not comfort thee!"

Her tones were very sad and reproachful. Paul drew her towards him, and kissed her fair brow.

"I am sorrowful, my beloved Bertha," he said, mournfully, "for I must leave this beautiful Rhineland—my spirit-love awaiteth me. Hearest thou not her voice calling me? See'st thou not her wavy tresses beckoning me? My love awaiteth me, and I must not stay."

Bertha knew of his strange love for the spirit-maiden, and she bowed her face amid her ringlets, and wept.

"Weep not, my beloved one," said Paul, in a soothing voice; "weep not—I shall soon return, and thy heart shall be gladdened by the gay smiles and witching tones of my own spirit-maiden."

Bertha pushed back the drooping tresses from her weeping face, and, gliding from his embrace, reached the door.

"Paul," she whispered, sadly, "when thou art far distant, forget not the maiden of Rhineland!"

Alas! Paul knew not the deep and holy love which rested in that innocent heart for him.

Paul reclined upon his couch, but slept not. The moon looked down on him, and the stars twinkled and danced in the sky. A voice full of mirth and witchery came floating on the breeze, and whispering in the leaflets. Paul arose from his couch, and stealing from his chamber, gained the open air. With quickened footsteps he reached the wood, and hastened to the fountain. And there, among the trees, stood a maiden of wondrous beauty, clad in shadowy garments beckoning and smiling through the shower of the fountain.

Paul sprang to catch the beautiful form in his embrace; but as he came nearer, it still receded—the mirthful tones still calling:

"Paul! Paul! where art thou?"

Sometimes she hid among the trees, and then again her soft breath fanned his cheek, and her dark tresses fell like a cloud over his face. Now she vanished in a wreath of spray, or seemed lost in her own strain of fairy music; and then she floated in the moonlight, smiling, and waving her white arms. But ever sang she, and ever followed the youth.

* * * * * *

The years passed by in their varied attire, ever choosing a new devotee to worship at the shrines of bitter sorrow, or awakened hopes. The aged father was long since dead, and was buried upon the banks of the beautiful Rhine. The witchern drooped its branches over his grave, and the "sad bird" sang mournfully in the green leaves.

The gentle Bertha dwelt alone in the old mansion more beautiful and beloved than before. She often thought of her old love, Paul; but he had disappeared years ago, and was perhaps buried in a foreign land. Thus, like a fair lily, she bloomed in sequestered loveliness upon the banks of the Rhine, ever modest, gentle, and meek.

One lovely day, when the summer had returned again in fragrance and flowers, Bertha sat at her lattice, netting a silken fillet to bind her fair tresses. Old memories came crowding around her heart, and tears trembled upon her golden lashes. She thought of one so dear to her heart—Paul. A tall, sunburnt man, with a saddened, care-worn look upon his features, came slowly up the pathway which led to the door. He was changed—much changed—and older; but Bertha's heart knew that it was Paul. He reached the doorway—Bertha threw down her silken net, and gliding to the door, cried:

"Paul—Paul! is it thou?"

In an instant he folded her in his arms, and she rested, weeping and smiling, upon his breast.

"And the spirit-maiden, Paul?" asked the fair Bertha, as they sat, side by side, in the father's hall, as in days of yore.

"Ask me not, Bertha!" he answered, in a low voice, as he pressed her hand still closer in his; "ask me not! It is enough—alas! too much—to know, that I sought for the ideal, and knew not the true voice of the real. Had I but dreamed how fond and true was the gentle heart that beat for me in mine own Rhineland, then would the spirit-maiden have been indeed as a shadow!"

Bertha felt she was beloved at last, and she rested her fair cheek fondly upon his bosom, whispering:

"Oh, Paul! shall we not be happy now?"

* * * * * *

Many—ah, how many have deserted the substance which was within the grasp, for the shadow, which, uncertain, flits hither and thither! Ideal bliss takes wings and flies away; and happiness folds its pinions amid the the flowers of earth, nor seek a better resting-place. The substance places a wreath of emerald around the heart, unchanging in its hues; the shadow rests in the soul as an opal, with its many beauties. Then seek not for happiness greater than that of the present hour; the morn arises in golden beauty, but the night may be a clouded sky, starless and unsearchable.

## Mrs. Brown Smith.

BY W. J. BRETT.

WELL, my dear, really some retrenchment must be made, you know. When a man finds his income reduced five-and twenty per cent, and he's been living up to it, and something over, why, there's only one way out of it—the expenses must come down. The expenses—must—come—down." And Mr. Brown Smith emphasised each word of the last sentence by thrusting his hands deeper and deeper into his trousers-pockets, without meeting with any serious obstruction.

"Well, my love, I really don't know where the retrenchment is to begin. The household expenses are already upon about as low a level as is in any way consistent with decent respectability. There's the Muggins"——

"Oh, bother the Muggins! now look here, my love. Surely something might be done. There's Mary. I've often thought it's been more than we could afford to keep a couple of servants; and besides, Edith's getting a big girl now, and ought to be useful. She might help a bit in the kitchen, and she might make herself usefull about the house. She might help to make the beds, and see to the preparation for dinner—potatoes, piecrust, vegetables, gravy, and so on." And Mr. Brown Smith waved his hands about being rather at a loss for power of description.

"Potatoes, pie-crust, vegetables, gravy, and so on. Well, I suppose it's quite impossible to make a man understand the work of a house—quite impossible. But at least there is one thing I should have thought you would not have failed to recollect. You know she cook's temper. Do you suppose she would allow Edith to interfere with her? Why, I don't suppose she would allow me." Mrs. Brown Smith omitted to say that she had no intention of making the attempt.

"Well, I think you're wrong there. I have a somewhat different opinion of Sarah. She has been with us some time, and I believe the best plan would be to take her into our confidence—of course, only to a certain extent——"

"Really, William, if you have so little regard for what is due to yourself and me as to think seriously of intrusting a servant with a statement of your pecuniary position, I think it is quite time we did without servants altogether. The Mugginses"——

"Oh, good gracious!—Here's my 'bus,—Good-bye, my dear; good-bye, girls." And Mr. Brown Smith shouts up-stairs to his daughters, rushes out of the house, and mounts to his accustomed seat upon the knife-board of that social police-van which takes so many of us every morning to the treadmill of our daily lives.

Mrs. Brown Smith watches the omnibus out of sight, arranges the damask window-curtains, looks well over the India-rubber plant, and comes back to the fireside. She shakes up the cushions of her own particular chair, settles herself comfortably down into it, crosses a pair of very well-shaped and very well-slippered feet upon the fender, and rings the bell. "You can take away the breakfast things, Mary. Are the young ladies ready for school?"

"Very nigh, mum. They've put their hats on."

"Where is Miss Edy?"

"She's in the garden a-cutting the grass."

"Has she got her gloves on?"

"Yes mum."

"Tell her I shall go up to dress in about an hour. We had better start before twelve. Has the man brought the paper?"

"Here it is, mum."

Mrs. Brown Smith takes it, gives herself an extra settling down, and opens her paper. I am not going to tell you what Mrs. Brown Smith was so much interested in—never mind what it was; it wasn't the leading article. The hands upon the mantelpiece clock turned round to half-past eleven, when she is interrupted by a good-sized, almost-done-growing—what a terrible description of a young lady—counterpart of herself, who makes her appearance in a pair of garden-gloves and a good deal of grass about her, and wants to know if mamma isn't going to get ready.

"Of course, my love. I had no idea it was so late; but a little extra exertion will soon rectify that."

Mrs. Brown Smith makes it and her toilet at the same time; and if she is a very personable-looking woman in her morning-wrapper, she is really a very good-looking one in her walking-dress. She is at the street door, and Mary is standing ready with her mistress's umbrella upon the one side, and Miss Edith with her bag upon the other, when a good-looking, although rather grimy face appears at the top of the staircase leading to the lower regions of the house.

"About the dinner, please, mum?"

"Oh, of course, Sarah. Really, it had almost escaped my memory. Let me see. What have we in the house? We had veal for dinner, I think, yesterday?"

"Yes, mamma," said her daughter, "and bacon."

"Exactly. Cold veal is rather insipid."

"Better mince it, I think, mum," said the servant.

"I think so, Sarah. And if you can get a bit of fish—Mr. Brown Smith is very fond of fish—and a tart."

"What fish, mum?"

"Oh, anything. I really don't care. I seldom eat it. Mackerel, or soles, or—"

"Mackerel is out of season, and the man says soles is scarce."

"Well, anything that may happen to be plentiful, and——"

"Boiled whiting and parsley sauce?"

"I think so, Sarah. Yes; that will do nicely."

"Anything in the way of a marmalade tart, mum?"

"Yes; I think so. The children are fond of marmalade tart."

And Mrs. Brown Smith having thus ordered the principal meal of the day, and arranged its details, starts upon a shopping expedition and a couple of morning calls. The quiet of the house is only interrupted by occasional murmurs from the kitchen, and the going up and down stairs of pails and water-cans. The baker comes, and the butcher comes, and the girls come home to their early dinner; and at last Mrs. Brown Smith and Miss Edith. Mrs. Brown Smith makes at once for her own particular chair, into which she sinks with a sigh of relief. "Really, I think those cars are almost more fatiguing than walking. Have you the parcels quite safe, Edith?"

"Yes, mamma."

"I wish you would unbutton my boots for me, and take my bonnet up-stairs. And before you go, Edy, just take my keys, and give me a glass of sherry, my love, will you? I feel quite faint."

Mrs. Brown Smith has her glass of sherry and a biscuit, which appear to revive her considerably. After half an hour's rest, she washes her hands, makes some slight alterations in her dress, and again seeks the haven of her faithful chair. The bell is rung, or one of her daughters despatched, to make inquiries about dinner, and she superintends, without getting up, the arrangement of the table. Six o'clock comes, and Mr. Brown Smith's well-known knock. His daughters run to open the door, and there is that pleasant five minutes of domestic intercourse, which has furnished a theme for so many pictures both in words and colors.

The dinner is served, and Mrs. Brown Smith who has lunched heartily at a restaurant, manages to eat a very good meal, and to look very pleasant over it. Her work for the day is done. If Mr. Brown Smith is agreeable, and conversational, willing to discuss the domestic economy of their friends and neighbors, Mrs. Brown Smith will be to the fore; and if, on the other hand, Mr. Brown Smith is *distrait* and not communicative, why, then, there is always some music, or the girls to fall back upon. Mrs. Brown Smith is equal to either fortune. If Mr. Brown Smith succeeds in squaring the circle, why, then, the even tenor of Mrs. Brown Smith's way will not be interfered with. She will go on rounding her sentences and her finger-nails until the natural end comes. But if Mr. Brown Smith fails to square the circle—and it is a difficult operation—why, then—well, then, perhaps, who knows?—Mrs. Brown Smith may develop some of the virtues which lie in the hearts of most women, hidden, dwarfed, and stultified as they too often are by the action or want of action of their purposeless lives. She may learn the lesson of self denial and of duty from adversity, and become a wiser woman and a worthier wife. It is the better history of many human souls.

THE SEVEN SISTERS.—The short range of mountains in Norway bearing the name of the Seven Sirters rises directly out of the sea to a height of three or four thousand feet, and forming an island. Here the Horseman, rears his head; it is another mountain island, shaped like a horse with a mantled rider. There is also a large tunnel in the rock close to these mountains, respecting which the following legend has been told:—

One of the young brothers of the Spirit of Evil, a Jutul, living in the neighborhood, went as he was wont to go on a visit to his seven sisters. There he met a female cousin many degrees removed, who was likewise a visitor, her home being on an island further south.

As is usual on such occasions, the two young people fell deeply in love with each other, and vowed eternal fidelity.

Matters of importance called the giant home, and his fair cousin had to return also to attend on an invalid brother. So they tore themselves asunder, and the seven sisters found their cousin, the Jutula, swooning on the shore from which her lover had departed. She went home to her brother, and tenderly nursed him till he recovered.

During his illness his sister made him her confidant, and he agreed that she should marry the Jutul of her choice; but on his recovery his perverse nature returned, and he determined that his sister should wed a dissolute companion of his own whom she had always objected to.

Every Jutul family has some special power or charm by which to battle with its enemies; the evil gift of this family was petrifaction. The cruel brother exercised that power on the messengers from his sister's lover, and turned them all into rocks. The lover was not aware of the brother's existence, for the fair giantess had very injudiciously concealed the fact, on account of his extravagant acts having imperilled her marriage portion. Believing that the plighted one was the last of her race, and who alone possessed the power to petrify, he of course concluded that she had put the insult on him; so, mounting his steed and shouldering his crossbow, he shot a mighty bolt at the dwelling of the Jutula, his gift being the power of unerring aim. Her brother was bathing at the time, and it being a very wet morning he wore his hat. The bolt passed through seventy miles of air, passed through the hat of the treacherous Jutul, and carried away a portion of his skull; but then, impeded by this resistance, failed to make the rebound the archer had relied upon, and simply skimmed the water and fell at the fair one's feet. She knew the bolt, and that none but he could have shot it.

She saw her brother—who, with all his faults, she dearly loved—sinking beneath the wave, never to rise again; and all that remained of him for her loving eyes to gaze upon was his perforated hat floating on the waters.

She thought of the perfidy of the lover she had believed so true, and her heart was broken; but, as she died, she exercised her power of petrification, and herself, the floating hat, her lover, and the horse he rode, all became fast-rooted rocks. The seven sisters, who witnessed the consummation of this rueful tragedy, were petrified with horror.

There is the mounted horseman, with his martial cloak flung over his shoulders; the perforated hat; and beyond is the drooping fair one. There are the messengers—a long procession of low, rocky islands, reaching from the horseman to his love; and there are the Seven Sisters, in stone stillness, looking on.

A LEAFY background, two noble trees, a hammock swinging beneath, and she on whom your heart is fixed lazily swinging in the same, is a very pretty picture, young man, very pretty, and we don't blame you for being attracted by a magnet of such wondrous power. But consider if your means will enable you to keep that picture all your days, or whether in the coming time it will not be supplanted by a chromo of a worn-out, jaded woman frying doughnuts over a hot fire in the middle of a hot summer day. The two pictures are intimately connected.

THE loss of material through the pores of the egg shell is the principal cause of decay in eggs long kept.

WINSTON, Forsyth Co., N. C.

GENTS—I desire to express to you my thanks for your wonderful Hop Bitters. I was troubled with dyspepsia for five years previous to commencing the use of your Hop Bitters some six months ago. My cure has been wonderful. I am pastor of the First Methodist Church of this place, and my whole congregation can testify to the great virtues of your Bitters.

Very Respectfully,

REV. H. FEREBEE.

### BITTER-SWEET.

BY MERLE.

Yesterday my lips the bitter tasted
Of this checkered life—
To-day the tempting sweets are wasted
In eager, thoughtless strife.

Yesterday I sought to climb fame's ladder,
With eyes fast fixed on hope,
But to-day, with aspirations sudder,
I in the darkness grope.

Yesterday upon me smiled a lover,
With vows and kisses sweet;
To-day he fondly vows to wed another—
Oh, may we ne'er more meet!

Oft mem'ries come so gently, and so sweetly
But to be hushed in pain;
And the tearful, sobbing sighs come after,
Like the mid-summer rain.

Is life's fruit ever just what I may make it,
All bitter, or all sweet;
And through my days so must I ever taste it,
So bitter, bitter-sweet?

## The Secret Witness.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

AND so poor Miss Grace is disinherited?"

"She might as well be. She gets only a paltry five thousand, and Wilson Raeburn all the rest."

"It's very queer that his nephew should have the property instead of his only daughter's only child. Wilson Raeburn has got everything in his own hands. He'll have his own servants, too, and now that he's master of Fairview, we that have served his uncle so many years will have to be turned adrift. We think too much of Miss Grace to stand any chance with him."

The above conversation took place between the gardener and housekeeper of Fairview, who had grown grey in the service of its late owner.

In the library within, quite a different scene was being enacted, where the grand-nephew and the granddaughter of the deceased confronted each other for the first time since the funeral.

The latter was a young and exceedingly lovely girl, attired in deep mourning, whose eyes, dark and wonderfully expressive, were fixed upon her companion, a man several years her senior, and whose otherwise handsome face was marred by its insincere and crafty expression.

"It is a great grief to me that I did not see my grandfather before he died. The post-office stamp upon the letter you wrote me shows that it was mailed the day of his death."

The wily man's face flushed at all that this implied, and there was some haughtiness in the voice that said—

"It was written as soon as I saw that my uncle was not likely to live. I cannot be responsible for the mistakes and omissions of others."

Then a moment later, in a softer tone—

"I don't wonder, my dear cousin, that you feel hurt at the tenor of your grandfather's will. It was a great surprise to me. This beautiful home must seem like home to you; you need not leave it unless you choose to do so. By becoming my wife, you can be mistress of Fairview, for I love you Grace—I have loved you for a long time."

It would have been hard to decide whether there was more surprise or aversion in Grace's face as she heard this.

"Not even to win the inheritance that is rightfully mine, can I be your wife, Mr. Raeburn. And I beg that you will consider this answer final."

A look of sullen anger took the place of that passionate appeal.

"I will pay you your grandfather's legacy then, that you may not be compelled to remain under the roof of a man whom you so evidently detest."

"By my lawyer's advice, I decline to receive it."

The face turned toward the speaker paled, while the eyes had a startled look.

"By your lawyer's advice?" he echoed. "You intend to dispute the will then? On what grounds?"

"By my lawyer's advice, I refuse to accept so small a portion of what is rightfully mine. Also to answer any questions."

Wilson Raeburn was evidently disturbed, not to say alarmed, though he made a strong effort to repress all signs of it.

"You don't, you can't think that there has been any foul play, Grace?"

"I don't know what to think," responded the young girl, turning wearily towards the door. "It is hard for me to believe that my grandfather would leave me so slenderly provided for. As for the rest I must refer you to Mr. Hetherton, my lawyer."

When the two met again, it was in a crowded court-room.

The legatee, in endeavoring to prove the validity of the will, presented a strong case.

Two respectable witnesses testified that they were present when the will was signed and that they heard it read to the testator, who signified his understanding of and assent to it.

The signature itself though somewhat cramped and tremulous, as it would naturally be under the circumstances, aside from this bore a strong resemblance to the testator's.

When the witnesses for the defence had all been examined, and the last one was about to leave the box, the counsel for the prosecution arose and said—

"Now, sir, remember that you are under oath. Do you declare that you saw this paper signed by the living hand of the late Robert Raeburn?"

The countenance of the man addressed visibly altered at these words.

"I saw his hand sign it," he said, after a moment's pause.

"Do you, dare you assert that you heard the man, whose name is attached to this paper, assent to its provisions?"

There was a pause considerably longer than the first.

Then the witness said, speaking slowly and with some hesitation—

"I heard the will read to him. I also heard his nephew ask him if he understood it, and saw him bow his head in assent."

"That will do," said the lawyer.

Then turning to the judge, he added—

"Your honor, I can prove, to your satisfaction, and the satisfaction of every one present that the late Robert Raeburn died three hours before the will was signed."

"The clerk will now summon Mrs. Anne Glover."

Mrs. Clover, an elderly, respectable-looking woman, being duly sworn, said:

"My name is Glover."

"I was housekeeper to the late Robert Raeburn, having been in his service nigh on to twenty-five years:

"Was in his service at the time he died, the twenty-ninth day of August last.

"Have often heard him say that when he died Miss Grace would have Fairview and all its belongings.

"But when he took to his bed, his nephew Wilson Raeburn, came and took everything in his own hands.

"The doctor was a stranger to us all.

"He had his own friends and servants, and none of us as had served him so long and faithfully was allowed to come nigh him.

"I was coming up the stairs on the day master died, when I see Wilson Raeburn and the doctor coming out of his room, and locking the door on the outside, walk off together.

"Thinking that this was mighty queer, and mistrusting that there was something wrong, I determined to get into the room by means of a door that led through a closet, and which hadn't been opened for many a year.

"The lock was old and rusty, but after considerable trouble I managed to turn the key; finding Mr. Raeburn lying on the bed as cold and lifeless as when I see him in his coffin the next day.

"I hadn't more than time to make sure of this when I heard footsteps approaching the door, having just time to get back into the closet when in walked Wilson Raeburn, the doctor, and three other men.

"The door of the closet being ajar I saw the doctor prop up the dead body with pillows.

"I then heard Wilson Raeburn read the will that gave him the best of the property.

"At the close of it he says—

"'Uncle Robert, do you understand and agree to this?'

"Then the doctor, who was standing beside my dead master, put his hand on his head and bowed it down.

"I then see Wilson Raeburn put a pen into the cold stiff fingers of the dead, and guide it along the paper.

"After which the other men put their names to it.

"Then Wilson Raeburn brought out a bag of money, all in gold, which he divided among the four, promising that they should each have as much more after the will was proved.

"As I was mortal fearful of being discovered I crept away as still as I could.

About half an hour later Wilson Raeburn comes to me and says—

"Glover, my uncle is dying; you and the rest of the servants had better come in if you want to see your old master alive.

"When we went into the room we saw the doctor standing by the pillow where the old man's head lay, just a little turned on one side, as if he was sleeping.

"The doctor had one finger on the wrist.

"'He's just going,' he said looking up at us as we stood round the bed. 'Who would have thought he'd have dropped off so sudden?'

"I knew he'd been dead several hours, but I said nothing to nobody until Miss Grace got home.

"I said nothing to her until after the funeral and I saw how things were going.

"Then I told her just what I've been telling you, gentleman, and which is the gospel truth, every word of it."

This disclosure created a profound sensation, spreading terror and dismay among the guilty conspirators, two of whom made a full confession, throwing themselves upon the mercy of the court.

In the excitement and confusion that followed, Wilson Raeburn managed to effect his escape, nor was he ever seen in that vicinity again.

The young heiress now returned to all her rights, did not regret the escape of her guilty kinsman; knowing that he would carry with him, whenever he went, a sharper punishment than anythe law could inflict.

THINGS TO KEEP.—Keep cool. Keep quiet. Keep the pledge. Keep out of debt. Keep your temper. Keep a good appetite. Keep your head level. Keep down doctors' bills. Keep your premises clean. Keep your conscience clear. Keep the baby comfortable. Keep an eye on the small boy. Keep your rooms dark and cool. Keep out of neighbors' quarrels. Keep on good terms with your wife, and husband. Keep the small boy away from the river. Keep away from trees during a lightning storm. Keep valuables in a safe place when you leave town. Keep an eye on kitchen affairs, see that all food is well cooked and properly prepared.

A man without decision can never be said

### SOME CURIOUS FASHIONS.

Isabella, daughter of Philip II., made a vow not to change her linen till Ostend was taken. Unfortunately, the seige lasted three years, a prolongation of time which did not possibly enter into the lady's head when her vow was made; yet her character for veracity was so high that it was believed she kept her vow; hence the ladies adopted as the fashionable color a yellowish dingy shade which they christened after her.

The ladies of Greenland paint their faces green and yellow. It is not many years since that at the French court no lady was considered in full dress whose color was not heightened by rouge.

In ancient Persia, aquiline noses were much admired; and when there were rivals to the throne, other claims being equal, he who possessed the handsomest nose was proclaimed king. Consequently, noses were as much as possible moulded by art. If the Peruvian ladies wear rings in their noses, ours do in their ears, which according to the dictates of Fashion, either sweep the shoulder, or diminish to tiny pearls screwed against the ear. The tremendously piled-up coiffures of the reign of Queen Anne, or indeed of five years ago, are an imitation, certainly a cleaner one, of the head-dress of the inhabitants of Natal. They, we are told, wear caps, or bonnets, from six to ten inches high, of the stiff fat of oxen. They anoint the head with a purer grease, which mixed with the hair, serves to cement on the headgear which lasts for life!

A good excuse for wearing beards and moustaches is given by an author in 1640. He thinks they tend to make men valorous, and says: "I have a favorable opinion of that young gentleman who is curious in fine moustaches. The time he employs in adjusting, dressing, and curling them is no lost time; for the more he contemplates them, the more his mind will cherish and be animated by masculine and courageous notions." An old clergyman of the time of Elizabeth gives us a droll view of the principle, when he says, in excuse for being proud of the longest and largest beard in the country round, that he lives "that no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance."

The wigs that used to be combed out with such grace by the young gallants of the last century, whether in a lady's drawing-room, at court, or in church, were most expensive adornments. Steele laments that even in his day they cost forty guineas. A friend of Pope, mentions that her grandfather "was very nice in the mode of that age, his valet being employed some hours every morning in starching his beard and curling his whiskers." It is recorded that in the reign of Elizabeth—who seems equally to have patronized the follies of fashion and the wisdom of great men—two lovers sitting side by side could not take each other by the hand. The gentlemen then wore enormously stuffed-out doublets, and the ladies immense farthingales. That Elizabeth left three thousand dresses in her wardrobe is a fact well known; that she possessed a complete costume of every known country, may not be known so well. Her extravagance seems excessive; though in the reign of earlier kings, the passion for gorgeous apparel was equally great. A nobleman in the reign of Richard II., had fifty-two new suits of gold tissue alone

STORY OF A FAMOUS SONG.—Hays, of Louisville, has made a small fortune by writing songs. Among his popular compositions are "Mollie Darling," and "Evangeline." But he got no money from the latter though it gave him a start in his business. "Just before the war," he says "I was with some young visitors; among them was a beautiful girl who resembled the ideal pictures of Longfellow's Evangeline, so closely that I called her by the name. We danced at an outdoor frolic one evening, and soon discovered that four of us could sing together. We tried popular quartets, and got along so well that we became enthusiastic. About two o'clock in the morning we started to go home. The night was as bright as day, with the full moon hanging in the sky, and as we walked we sang. We sat down in a nook to rest, and Evangeline began to suggest other songs to sing. 'I'll write you a song, if you will promise to sing it before we go home.' This was agreed to. On the opposite side of the road was a white plank fence. Where we were sitting a party of negros had been roasting ears of corn, and the charred sticks lay all around. With them I wrote the first verse of the song on the top plank of the fence, and the notes for four voices on the four planks beneath. Then we stood off, and sang it. The girls were delighted, and insisted on having a chorus, so I wrote the chorus on the planks. Well, we sang it over and over, and went home singing it. Next morning "Evangeline" came down stairs humming the air, and asked me to write it out and finish it. I told her I couldn't do it, but she might go down and copy it off the fence. She took an umbrella and sheet of paper, and soon came back with words and music. Then she insisted on having another verse; so I wrote another verse, on condition that I was to have a kiss for it, and she to have the music." Hays sent the composition to various music publishers, but couldn't sell it, and it was at length made public by a negro minstrel. Three hundred thousand copies have been sold, but the kiss was the only pay the author had received.

THERE is a man in St. Louis who has a wonderful memory. It is thought the city will eventually employ him to remember the Sabbath.

## Scientific and Useful.

CORNS.—Take two drachms of gum-ammoniac, two ounces of yellow wax, and six drachms of verdigris; melt them together, and spread the composition on soft leather. Cut away as much of the corn as you can, then apply the plaster, and renew it every fortnight till the corn is away.

THE COTTON WORM.—In advocating the use of arsenic for the destruction of cotton-worms, a prominent scientist says it will cost only 1¼ cents per acre to exterminate the worm with that poison. The method of employing it, which he recommends, is a solution, made by adding to five gallons of water five pounds of arsenic and one pound of soda, and boiling until the arsenic is dissolved. In using, one measure of the solution is added to 100 measures of water, and sprinkled upon the plants infested by worms.

A FLOAT CLOCK.—The ordinary clock is actuated by the descent of a weight, and regulated by the beat of a seconds pendulum; but both these functions are combined in a new time-keeper invented in Paris. The works are operated by means of a float, which descends gradually as the liquid in which it is floated is allowed to drain away. The descent is perfectly regular, and as there is no pendulum required, the clock has the advantage of being noiseless. It is, in fact, an indicating water-clock of the most approved pattern. When the clock face is illuminated by a flame, the oil of the lamp is utilized as the supporting liquid.

TO ENGRAVE FIGURES ON GLASS.—Cover one side of a flat piece of glass, after having made it perfectly clean, with beeswax and trace figures upon it with a needle, taking care that every stroke cuts completely through the wax. Next make a border of wax all round the glass, to prevent any liquid when poured on from running off. Now take some finely powdered fluate of lime (fluor spar,) strew it evenly over the glass plate (upon the side,) and then gently pour upon it, so as not to displace the powder, as much sulphuric acid, diluted with thrice its weight of water, as is sufficient to cover the powdered fluor spar. Let everything remain in this state for three hours, then remove the mixture, and clean the glass with oil of turpentine. The figures which were traced through the wax will be found engraved on the glass, while the parts which the wax covered will be uncorroded.

TREATMENT OF BURNS.—For the severe burns often received in fire damp, or powder explosions, an eminent German physician has used the following treatment with the best success: The person first has a warm bath, then the burnt parts and their neighborhood are washed with a solution of thymol, then sprinkle with thymol for a few minutes. The vesicles formed are not touched. The raw surface is painted with linseed oil containing 1 per cent. of thymol. The patient is placed on a caoutchouc mattress, or supported so as to avoid pressure on the burnt parts. Thymol is applied at first every ten minutes, with a broad soft brush; it relieves the pain greatly. During the first days it is also repeatedly sprayed. When the vesicles have well shrunk and dried (in about ten days) they are opened with disinfected scissors, while thymol is sprayed; then the thymol oil above referred to is applied.

## Farm and Garden.

THE CHICKENS.—Do not allow the chicks to crowd one another in the coops at night. The birds have grown a good deal since they were first put out in the coops, and they fill them up full sometimes. Many chicks are deformed in this way by "being overcrowded in their coops. Wry tails, crooked backs and deformed breast bones are among the results of putting too many in a coop. In case of large broods the coops should be exchanged for larger ones. In making such changes the new coops should be placed at or near the place the old one stood. See that the young birds have room enough.

FENCE POSTS.—On the whole, the best thing is to select those kinds of timber which will last long in the ground. Chestnut, catalpa, cedar, and cypress all have durable properties. Gas tar was once used, but has been found worse than useless. Heat is found to be as great a destroyer of wood as water, and tar absorbs heat. Lime wash is better than tar. Much good has been found in getting posts upside down, that is to say, the contrary way from which they grew. Water is not absorbed so fast. Much of the endurance of a post depends on the nature of the ground. In a place that is always wet or always dry, a post seems almost indestructible. When it is wet, and dry by turns, the best wood will not last long.

PRESERVING BUTTER.—Among other ways of keeping butter fresh we find the following in an exchange: "If butter is put up in the best condition and from the contaminating contact of the air, it will come out as fresh in color and fine in flavor in October or December as when put up in July or August. This condition can best be secured by putting the butter in a fine muslin sack and then suspending it in a cask filled with brine. The sack should nearly fill the cask, the head being removed to allow of its being inserted, which is then replaced and made air tight. The butter is best preserved in this way when it is put into the brine just granulated, and not worked or salted. Then when wanted for use it is taken out of the cask and the brine and worked and salted. It will be found as fresh as when first churned; the brine entirely excludes the air.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SIXTY-FIRST YEAR.

# Important Notice!

**☞ As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time until further notice.**

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OUR DIAMANTE BRILLIANT Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely want every reader to have at least one of them. In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an expensive Premium. In response to many requests, we beg leave to call attention to the following

**TERMS TO CLUBS:**

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 copy one year with either of the Diamond Premiums | $2.37 |
| 2 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each | 5.00 |
| 3 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each | 7.50 |

and an extra Diamond Premium to the sender of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the sender with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the club receives THE POST one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. If anyone subscribing for THE POST and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

Very Respectfully,
**THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.**

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In every case send us your full name and address, if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

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**720 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.**

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## LEARNING AND WORKING.

It is not by books alone, nor by books chiefly, that a man becomes in all parts a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge. That is your post. Stand to it like a true soldier. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things,—wisely, valiantly can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things, if such lie before them.

The practice of noting things and events in their simple existence will gradually accumulate a store of knowledge, from which we may derive help in every turn of life. It is the observant man that is the man of resource. The happiest inventions are the result of much silent observation. It is indispensable to all whose business it is to guide or rule their fellows. In the family it supplies what is most needed to prevent jars, to ease discomforts, to remedy mischiefs, to make up for deficiencies. In society it obviates blunders, suggests felicitous improvisations, steers one's course clear of sunken rocks, explains things which might otherwise appear anomalous, and nips silly suspicions in the bud. To the statesman it is invaluable, for though there may be brilliant oratorical power without it, it is impossible that there can be wise administration.

On the other hand, idleness, or that species of little occupations which is attached to no particular business or profession, is a state more difficult to support than is generally imagined. Even the perfect idler, like some other harmless and insignificant animals whom naturalists are acquainted with, though he can live on air, cannot subsist on a vacuum; and the idler of a higher sort needs perhaps more ideas, more store of mind about him than would go to the furnishing of twenty brains of mere plodding men of business. Nothing is perhaps so difficult as to find out business proper for the idle; and though it may appear paradoxical, yet none have so much need of it as they. The man who is professionally employed, in whatever department, goes on in the track which habit has marked out for him, at peace with his own thoughts and the world; but he whom every passing moment reproaches with doing nothing, must often fly for relief to very useless or very unworthy occupations. He will often be dissipated without amusement, and intemperate without pleasure, merely because dissipation is preferable to vacancy, and intemperance to listlessness.

## SANCTUM CHAT.

AT a district school of Scotland the School Board has just provided a series of swimming lessons for the school children—for girls as well as boys.

—

AN English writer says that the countless evils belonging to horses are due to dosing, want of brakes, bad stabling, and, above all, to shoeing. He says that shoes are not only useless, but injurious. He sees no reason why horses should not be perfectly healthy.

—

THERE is loud agitation in London about the noises in the streets, one of which is that made by the brass bands and the fifers and drummers employed by storekeepers, who, it is said, having heard of the success of American "merchants employing drummers," mistook the word and adopted the custom in its literal significance.

—

THE Czar of Russia has on his writing-table a curious ornament. It is a piece of the villainous bread which some of his subjects have been obliged to eat to keep away starvation. He was ignorant of the existing distress until he read of it in a newspaper, and he now keeps the fragment of bread as a reminder.

—

DURING the year much has been said about the evils arising from smoking cigarettes, and warnings against their use have been frequent and urgent. Yet their consumption is largely on the increase. Last year the tax for their manufacture was $993,000, an increase of about $227,000 over the preceding year.

—

OUR lager beer-makers are said to use glucose. In some of the neighborhoods where it is manufactured the twigs of trees wither, and the people have sore throats. The sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) used, destroys pipes, machinery, and even buildings. The oil of vitriol is found in the glucose; also lime, copperas, tin and lead.

—

A FRENCH JOURNAL the other day published a table showing that the average wages in fifty-one distinct trades were only 60½ cents a day, or $3.63 a week. These were the wages of men. For women the average in eleven trades is 31¼ cents a day, or $1.87½ a week. Decorative sculptors, a class of highly-skilled and intelligent workmen, receive only 92½ cents a day.

—

MOORS are in great demand this year in Great Britain. In Scotland there are nearly 1,700 shootings, of which 1,200 are let regularly or at odd times. A certain gentleman has eight shootings in one, at $50,000. An M. P. pays $12,000. Lord Derby pays $25,000. The rentals of Mr. Bass, the ale-brewer, are $20,000. It is estimated that, altogether, every deer shot costs $250.

—

SOME interesting statistics of the cost of celebrated modern buildings in England and on the Continent have been compiled. Reduced to American dollars, they include these: The Paris Grand Opera House, $8,000,000; the Paris City Hotel, $8,000,000; the Paris Postoffice, $6,000,000; the Brussels Palace of the Fine Arts, $600,000; the Antwerp Museum, $400,000; the Brussels Palace of Justice, $8,000,000; the London Houses of Parliament, $17,500,000; the London Foreign Office, $2,750,000; the London Law Courts, exclusive of special fitting, and not yet completed, $4,500,000.

—

A WOMAN exhorter among the negroes of Georgia wears on her head a halo of burnished brass, which she says was given to her by an angel, who appeared to her, as a reward for superlative piety, and is the only one ever conferred on a person before reaching heaven. Its possession, she claims, gives her miraculous power over diseases, and enables her to intercede effectually for sinners.

—

REFERRING to the seclusion into which Nihilism has thrown the German and Russian emperors, and Prince Bismarck, a prominent London paper says: "Half the world is governed by men whom their subjects rarely see. No one in China outside of Pekin and a small desert district ever sees the Emperor. Not one native in a million has ever seen a Viceroy of India. The Russian Czar is not personally known outside of his capitals."

—

DYNAMITE, it appears, may be put to odd uses. In Wales, the other day, an individual was observed standing on the bank of a river, having in his hand a large red ball. He lighted it by a fuse and threw it into the water, when a loud explosion occurred, and numberless dead fish came to the surface. These the poacher was proceeding to gather up, when he was arrested, being found guilty of "using dynamite to catch and destroy fish."

—

GAUDY ornamentation and a profusion of jewelry are out of place on a lady. She should be more ashamed of false jewelry than a plain, cheap dress. A lady of mature years, in a well-fitting dark silk, real jewelry, or none, and her own hair—all the better if it is white—is also dressed for a ball. True womanhood includes all the delicate refinements that overflow in the perfect glove, the well-fitting shoe, pretty stocking, neat frills, and becoming bonnet.

—

A WRITER in a prominent monthly predicts easy times for housekepers hereafter. By means of centralized establishments for every fifty families, and the aid of the telephone and pneumatic tubes, heat, light and power to run sewing-machines will be provided, and domestic supplies and cooked food will be shot into the house to order. Washing-day will be abolished, there will be no ashes to take out, and the plague of servants will be reduced to manageable proportions. A charming prospect for you, girls, who are to be the housekeepers of the future.

—

INCREASED facilities for the transmission of money through the post are about to be furnished to the British public, if, as the *Times* understands is probable, the Postmaster-General should decide to carry out a postal insurance scheme which he has had under consideration for some time. Under this plan the public will be enabled to send money orders between places in the United Kingdom with absolute security against loss, and with practically as little trouble as is now involved in posting a registered letter. The maximum amount insurable has not been settled.

—

THE English War Department has decided that all newly-appointed military officers must have a knowledge of the French language. The ability of the German officers to understand and speak French gave the Germans an immense advantage in their late war with France. The lesson was so obvious that at the close of the war all French officers were required to learn the German language; and now the English Government has determined that its officers must at least learn French, which is the international language of the Continent.

—

IT is such an easy thing to be cynical, we wonder that any sensible or ambitious man should choose a manifestly easy road to cheap distinction. Any fool can be a cynic. And a great many fools are cynics. Not that they make the best, which are the worst, cynics, but they do very well—well enough to make everybody in their company decidedly uncomfortable, which appears to be the great aim of the cynic's life. When a man does a good deed, you supply a base motive for it. Attribute his benevolence to selfishness, his piety to hypocrisy, his sociability to political motives, his public spirit to a desire for notoriety, deny the existence of purely good, unselfish motives to any other man than yourself, and you have started on the road to develop into a good cynic.

—

THE White House cellar is rapidly being converted into a curiosity shop, with a miscellaneous collection of traps sent on from all parts of the country for the benefit of the wounded President. There are at least twenty-five beds, including one which is five and one-half feet long, and was sent all the way from Minnesota for the accommodation of a man over six feet high. A Michigan man sent a cage with two white mice to amuse the President's children, and a lady in the remote West contributed a stuffed humming bird "to relieve the monotony of the sick-room." In medicines there are all sorts of nostrums, from the blood of a black cat to fancy quinine.

—

THE New York *Herald* has published a brief editorial on woman's headaches, which is certainly more suggestive than many of the articles in that paper. One principal reason why women suffer more than men with headache, is the fact that their life is largely indoors, and they are not able to take so much physical exercise. There is very little complaint of headache at summer resorts, where the windows are always open, and games and excursions constantly tempt people into the open air. Girls who ride, row, sail and shoot seldom have headache, and the same is true of those who work in fields, as women in many countries do. Headache might be almost banished from civilized society by a wise and careful system of physical training, and a rational system of diet. We ought to be as ashamed of having a headache as of being unable to read or write, or to speak our language correctly.

—

IN the report of the late English Minister at Washington attention is drawn to certain mysterious fires, both in warehouses and aboard ship, which, after careful inquiry by a police committee, and a board of underwriters in New York, have been traced to consignments of black silk. The immediate cause of danger is, it appears, the chemicals now used to give weight, as well as improved color to the silks. The art, says the report, has reached such perfection that the weight of the natural silk can be increased four-fold without apparent adulteration; but the minerals, vegetables, acids, and alkalis thus used, combined with animal substances and the natural gum of the silk, constitute a fermentable compound which generates carbonization or combustion under pressure, confinement and heat. That the black silk goods have ignited spontaneously from these causes, and caused serious fires, is considered to be abundantly proved by the evidence.

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A WAVE of thought will require about a minute to traverse a mile of nerve, and a touch on the face will be recognized by the brain, and responded to by a manual signal, in the seventh of a second. A scientist has found that the speed of sense differed for different organs, the sense of hearing being responded to in a sixth of a second; while that of sight required only one-fifth of a second to be felt and signalled. In all these cases the distance traversed was about the same, so the inference is that images travel more slowly than sounds or touch. It still remained however, to show the portion of this interval taken up by the action of the brain. Another professor, by a very delicate apparatus, demonstrated this to be about seventy-five thousandths of a second. Of the whole interval forty thousandths are occupied in the simple act of recognition, and thirty-five thousandths in the act of willing a response. When two irritants were caused to operate on the same sense one twenty-fifth of a second was required for the person to recognize which was the first; but a slightly longer interval was required to determine the priority in the case of the other senses. These results were obtained from a middle-aged man, but in youths the mental operations are somewhat quicker than in the adult. The average of many experiments proved that a simple thought occupies one-fortieth of a second.

### THE EVENING-TIME.

BY M. A. BROWNE.

Together we walked in the evening-time,
Above us the sky spread golden and clear,
And he bent his head and looked in my eyes,
As if he held me of all most dear.

And our pathway went through fields of wheat;
Narrow that path and rough the way;
But he was near, and the birds sang true,
And the stars came out in the twilight gray.

Softly he spoke of the days long past,
Softly of blessed days to be;
Close to his arm and closer I pressed—
The corn-field path was Eden to me.

Grayer the light and grayer still;
The rooks flitted home through the purple shade;
The nightingales sang where the thorns stood high,
As I walked with him in the woodland glade.

As the latest gleams of the daylight died,
My hands in his enfolded lay;
We swept the dew from the wheat as we passed,
For narrower, narrower wound the way.

He looked in the depths of my eyes and said,
"Sorrow and gladness will come for us, sweet;
But together we'll walk through the field of life,
Close as we walked through the fields of wheat."

## Dugdale's Tenant.

BY ANNABEL GRAY.

IT IS GROWING DUSK. The fire in the library, although the time is early June, is burning briskly. A greyhound, a very handsome specimen of its kind, lies sleeping on the hearthrug. There is a general air of comfort in all the surroundings, yet Mr. Dugdale—whose admiration for the country is not unrestrained, and who has come down to his neglected estate only because a long-forgotten sense of duty and a new steward have called him—is sitting with his hands before him, wondering, in a melancholy fashion, what on earth he is going to do with himself for the next month.

If, he soliloquises, he even knew anyone in the country! Of course they will all call, the Katlins especially, but new acquaintances are such a bore. And dinners where French cooks are unknown—pah! He doesn't know a tenant on his estate, or a landlord in the district, except old Major Hyde, who, probably, would be considered unendurable in town. He wonders, vaguely, what Tubbleton is doing now, and Dunmore, and all that lot; perhaps ——

"A lady wishes to see you, sir," says Hickson, speaking in a respectful undertone from the doorway.

"I sincerely hope not, Hickson," responds his master, lazily, without turning his head. "I really couldn't, you know. I have come down here, against my will, partly to escape all that kind of thing. And having sacrificed myself, I insist on quiet."

"She says, sir ——"

"I know all about it," with an impatient gesture; "just say I am ill, dying, dead, buried—anything, only send her away."

"I beg your pardon, sir," with an apologetic cough, "but she seems so urgent; and I could not possibly take it upon myself to dismiss the lady in question. I believe you would not wish it, sir, if ——"

"You have evidently made up your mind I shall receive her," resignedly; "there is therefore, nothing for it but to submit; I am incapable of argument under my present depressing circumstances. Is she," desperately, "a woman or a lady, Hickson?"

"A lady, sir; quite the lady."

"Ah!—old or young?"

"Not old, sir; and not too young either."

"Neither old nor young. That generally means forty. Is she forty?"

"Dear me, no, sir—nothing of the kind. I beg pardon, sir, I merely meant to imply she was a good deal more than eighteen."

"You are invaluable, Hickson; I have always said it," with a flash of admiration. "Show her in."

"Another of the personal begging-letter sort," says Mr. Dugdale to himself, with a shrug, unlocking a drawer that contains money. "Better have it ready; the only thing I know of to get rid of them in a hurry." Sinking back in a chair, he puts on his most miserable air, and prepares for an ignominious defeat.

There is some slight delay; then the faint rustle of a woman's skirts, a word or two from the admirable Hickson, who then throws wide the door, and announces "Miss Carew," in his usual well-bred monotone.

Dugdale, rising from his seat with some precipitancy, makes her a deferential bow. There is extreme respect, though a good deal of irrepressible surprise, in his manner as his eyes meet hers.

She is young—about three-and-twenty—very slender, very excellently formed, of middle height, and extremely pretty. Her eyes are a clear, dark grey; her light brown hair is covered by a large hat, trimmed handsomely with feathers; a grey gown fits her rounded figure to perfection; her hands are encased in irreproachable gloves. Dugdale, as he looks at her, repents him of the "begging-letter" idea, and, at the bare remembrance of it, he colors slightly. So does his visitor, though from far different motives.

"I must ask you to pardon this—this intrusion,' she says, in a low tone, though perfectly distinct, and full of dignity and sweetness. "I would not have come myself, but my brother is quite an invalid, suffering from an accident, and it was necessary one of us should see you. When we heard you were returning to town so soon, it frightened us into action."

"I do not return to London for a month."

"Indeed!" with surpressed chagrin. "We were told you intended leaving to-morrow, or next day. Had I known the truth ——"

"Pray sit down," says Dugdale, courteously handing her a chair, "and let me know what I can do for you."

"I should have introduced myself," she says, with a faint smile. "My brother and I are your tenants, Mr. Dugdale, and have, I think, some claim on your forbearance. The place—Weston Lodge; you know it?—has been in the possession of our family for years. First, my grandfather had it from your grandfather; then my father had it; now my brother has it; but our lease has expired." She pauses.

"You make me feel ashamed that I know so little of my tenants, or their wishes or concerns," he says. "I know, indeed, nothing of the neighborhood. My living so much abroad is my only excuse. But that my late steward, poor fellow, died, and that the new man insisted on my presence here for a few weeks, I should not be in this house now. Yes, you want a new lease—is that it?"

"That is it," with a glance of surprise at his evident indifference to, or ignorance of, all that has been going on of late. "The question is, shall we get it? The new man you speak of—Graham—has, I think, advised you to the contrary. He wishes to take our farm, and incorporate it with the fields that lie beyond it, and let it all out at a higher value. Of course we can retain the house, but without the land it is useless to us, as my brother is fond of farming. We are willing you should raise our rent—we would gladly take all those fields I speak of, that stretch to the south of us, but, unfortunately, just now we cannot. I thought, if I were to ask you, you would perhaps reconsider your steward's advice, and let us keep our home."

The sweet voice trembles over such a little, the grey eyes fall, the little delicately-gloved hand taps nervously upon the table near her.

"Have you spoken to Graham?" asks Dugdale, who, just at this moment, could have soundly rated his own zealous manager.

"No. We thought it better to see you, yourself. Will you think of it?" She raises her eyes again, and regards him earnestly, entreatingly. "To me it would not so much matter," she adds, gently, "but my brother—his heart is in the place; he has been delicate of late, and all this anxiety preys upon him, and retards his recovery. We have been good tenants; I would ask you not to dispossess us."

"I shall speak to Graham to-morrow. Pray do not disturb yourself about it; I promise you," says Mr. Dugdale, who is singularly pliable where beauty pleads, "you shall keep your home. Nobody shall dispossess you."

"How shall I thank you!" exclaims she with graceful warmth, rising. Tears of emotion shine in her dark eyes. "I hardly dared hope when I came, and now"—she pauses, and again a smile curves her lips—"I can go back to George and make him happy."

"It makes yourself happy too, I trust?"

A little shadow falls into Miss Carew's eyes. They droop.

"Thank you—yes," she answers, but there is a faint weariness, a curious pain, discernible in her tone.

She bows slightly, and turns to the door.

"Let me see you to your"—carriage he is going to say, but hesitates. She certainly looks like a woman who should have carriages at her disposal, but he remembers hearing from Graham that Weston is but a small place, and checks himself.

"Yes—I drove over," she says, quietly. And then he follows her to the hall-door steps, and sees there waiting for her a tiny phaeton, a tiny pony, and a groom holding its head. All is well appointed, and though small, perfect.

Miss Carew gives her hand to Dugdale, and steps into the phaeton; the groom springs in behind, and hands his mistress the reins; she turns, and bestows upon her landlord a smile, short though exceedingly sweet, and in another minute, pony, tiger, lady and all have disappeared down the avenue.

He, left standing upon the gravel, watches her retreat, until distance has indeed swallowed up all traces of her, and as he looks he muses:

What a sad little face she had; but how expressive! what sweetness in the eyes! Yes, beyond doubt it all lay in her eyes; there wasn't much to speak of in the rest of her features, except her mouth; which was charming—but there was certainly a fascination in her eyes. What did Graham mean by creating such confusion, all about a paltry few dollars a year, more or less? It was most officious of him. After all, a fellow ought to come down and see about his tenants every now and then, and consult their wishes, and see after their——

"Well, Dugdale, my boy, and how are you?" says a mellow voice behind him, and turning, he beheld the Major.

"Ah, Hyde, I'm uncommonly glad to see you," exclaims he, brightening, and telling the honest truth. Even Hyde, old-fashioned as he is, brings a welcome with him, being, as it were, a breath from the world of town.

"Thank you. Heard of your arrival, and just dropped down to get a look at you, and ask you to dine to-morrow night. Know how slow you must find it vegetating in the wilderness. I came through the park, and just saw Miss Carew driving away. Monstrous pretty girl I take it. Come about the lease, eh? You must give her her own way there, Dugdale, you must indeed, you know," says the kindly Major.

"I have given it," says Dugdale.

"Glad of it—glad of it. The only right thing to do. I might have known she would get no refusal from you. Beauty in distress, my boy, is all powerful, eh? You have nothing that can touch on her this season, come now," said the hero, with an airy laugh that still retains all the freshness of nineteen. "I lay you anything you like you haven't seen a prettier girl this year."

"Yes I have," laughing, "but few so—so—haunting. I like grey eyes. Come in and dine with me, Hyde; it will be a charity, and may perhaps save me from suicide; I can't stand my own company."

"I shall be delighted," says the Major, who, next to having some one to dine with him, likes best to dine with some one. He is fond of society, and young men, and is especially fond of Dugdale.

As they lounge through the gardens enjoying a cigar before dinner, the Major grows communicative, and relates many things. Touching on the Carews, he finds himself encouraged by his host, and forthwith enlarges on the topic.

"There is only she and George," says he, "and they are quite devoted; she thinks there is nobody like George, and he thinks the same about Clarissa, and I quite agree with him."

"You seem rather taken there," says Dugdale, smiling. "George, as you call him, is ill, is he not?"

"Knocked himself to bits last winter, out hunting. Ribs, leg, head, all went to smash, and even now he is only slowly recovering. No doubt he will pluck up in a hurry, now this lease worry is at an end, but at one time I confess I thought he was done for. That poor child, Clarissa, was quite ill, between grief and nursing."

"Ah! That is what makes her look so sad, I suppose."

"Well, no—not altogether," mysteriously.

"Anything more?" turning sharply; "not a disappointment in love, surely? It is an impertinence even to imagine it."

"I may as well tell you all about it," says old Hyde, who adores the sound of his own voice, and is beginning to enjoy himself intensely. "All the world here knows the story, so as you are sure to hear it from some quarter, sooner or later, I shan't be breaking confidence by telling you. And you may as well hear a true version of it. You made a good guess; it was an unhappy love affair."

"He had bad taste, whoever he was," says Dugdale, with a faintly unpleasant ring in his tone. He has already begun to feel an interest in his lovely tenant, and when a man feels an interest in a woman, however slight, he takes it badly when he is told she in her turn, has felt an interest in some foreign quarter.

"You know Sir Wilfred Haughton? Well he was the man. They were engaged to be married about three years ago, everything was arranged; never was there a fellow so much in love, as we thought, when suddenly a cousin of Clarissa's came on the scene. A pretty girl, I am bound to say, but bad, sir, bad to the heart's core. There was something fetching about her, I suppose, because every man in the neighborhood (except myself, Dugdale, I am proud to say) made an ass of himself about her. But she laid her plans cleverly, and never ceased till she had wiled Haughton from his allegiance, and, I verily believe, broke Clarissa's heart. She has never held up her head since. Fairly crushed she was, and all for a most unworthy object, as I cannot help thinking him."

"You put it mildly. A man who could be guilty of such an act must be termed an unmitigated blackguard," says Dugdale, calmly knocking the ash off his cigar.

"So I think. But the cream of the joke is to follow. Madam Violet having made her little game, and cajoled Haughton to the top of her bent, coolly threw him over at the last moment, and married a city man with no birth to mention, but unlimited coin."

"Served him right," viciously. "I knew him slightly, but can't say I fancied him; weak, it seemed to me, and self-opinionated. He has been abroad for some time."

"Fit of the spleens. They say he is coming home at the end of the month, so I daresay he has got over it."

"How will Miss Carew like his being in the neighborhood again?"

"She is very game," says the Major; "proud, you know, and that—she won't show what she really feels. Perhaps his coming will cure her effectually, and settle matters forever."

"You mean, she will probably accept him a second time?"

"Accept him! Nonsense, sir, she will reject him, and that with scorn—with scorn!" says the Major, flushing with indignation.

A month renders the Carews very intimate with their landlord—which is hardly to be wondered at, as scarcely a day passes without his coming to Weston, avowedly to sit with George, but in reality to see Clarissa.

Now, he does not even care to conceal from himself the fact that his early admiration for her has deepened into love. Yet his attachment causes him only unhappiness, having in it all the elements of disappointment to come, Clarissa apparently being utterly indifferent to it. She is very sweet, very gentle, and treats him with all the kind familiarity of a sister, but even he cannot deceive himself into the belief that there is anything sentimental in her regard.

One evening towards the close of this month Dugdale happens to be dining at the lodge. He has dined there often of late, young Carew having taken an enormous fancy to him, being indeed almost low-spirited when he is out of his sight. All through dinner Clarissa has been singularly distracted and meditative; there is a far-off look in her clear grey eyes, her lover is quick to mark. Strolling in the garden with her, later on, through the warm, sweet wooing July air, he suddenly breaks the long silence by saying:

"How quiet you are this evening. Has anything vexed you—disturbed you?"

"Have I betrayed myself even to you?" she says, with a smile, and a rare faint blush. "No—yes—I confess it: I should not be disturbed, but I am—in that lies my self-contempt. It makes me angry with myself to know I am annoyed, but I cannot help it. I heard to-day Sir Wilfred Haughton is coming home to-morrow?" Her voice has fallen slightly.

"Yes, I know." He has turned his face away from hers.

"Of course you have heard all that old story," she says, quite calmly, but with another blush so vivid as to bring tears to her eyes. "It seems very old now. Everyone knows it; that thought was very bitter to me just at first, but now I scarcely seem to mind it, and you are so good a friend I can speak to you about it. It is very disheartening, is it not," with a little constrained laugh, "that, after all one's inward lectures, one should find oneself as far from indifference as ever?"

Mistaking her meaning altogether, he winces perceptibly.

"Does his coming distress you?"

"Yes," slowly, "it distresses me; and yet I cannot say whether it makes me glad or sorry. After all, he was an old friend, before—before anything foolish occurred between us. I do not forget that."

"No doubt he has, long ere this, repented his crowning—nay, his only act of folly." They have got down to the wicket-gate by this time, that leads into the haggard, and he, leaning his arm upon it, continues, always with his eyes turned from hers. "What if he is coming home because the first and best love is still strong within him? It may be that he is coming to gain forgiveness."

"Oh, no, no!" shrinking, "I hope not. That would be terrible, I hope not! But," with an effort, "it is impossible."

"I think it so utterly possible, that I am almost sure of it," says Dugdale, who takes a savage pleasure in piling up his own agony. "No man, under the circumstance would elect to come to the place again, unless with such an object."

"You frighten me," she says; and then she sighs, and brushes back her soft hair impatiently from the temples. "Would you act so in such a case?" she asks, presently in a slow, dreamy tone.

Then he turns to look at her, and their eyes meet. The tender silence of coming night is all around. The faint, melodious lowing of the oxen in the far-off meadows alone breaks the stillness of the evening, that is dying with such lingering sweetness.

"I cannot answer that question," returns he, a little unsteadily; "I could not picture myself in such a case. Had I dared to love you it would have been with such a love as would have lasted to my dying day!"

Silence again. She has grown very pale, and the hand that trifles with the huge bunch of crimson roses so lately plucked, is trembling slightly. The cows are coming slowly towards them through the cool deep grass; the birds, high over their heads, are twittering drowsily a last good-night; George's voice from the verandah calls them to return.

"You are thinking of the past?" says Dugdale, hurriedly, taking one of the roses from her.

"Yes—and of the future," replies she, in a troubled note.

"Clarissa! you still love him?"

"How shall I tell," returns she, with a touch of passion. "I have so long brooded over my unhappy story—so often told myself I shall never again——" She pauses abruptly. "I want to see him," she says, after a slight hesitation.

"Naturally," with some bitterness.

"No, you mistake; I want to see him," slowly, "because, when I do—on the instant—I shall know."

"Know what?" eagerly.

"My own heart," replies she somewhat sadly.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A LUNAR LANDSCAPE.—On looking at the moon through the telescope for the first time, one is struck by the melancholy character of its broken yet shining surface. Desolate plains are seen stretching away from the central view to the dazzling lit edge, where, under the immediate solar glare, they seem sheeted with everlasting snow. To the right, as they gradually approach the region of darkness, the white softens into the greenish gray of a sandy desert.

But, ho! what tricks are these, like the footprints of huge camels? Has some celestial caravan passed this way and disappeared from sight in the far South? Shall we see another wending its slow way after?

And yonder—another marvel—a fountain of silver, sending from its largest depths rivers of precious metal to wander over sandy plains. Will the wonders never cease? Beyond are promontories of pearly lustre jutting out into seas of darkness, and, remoter still, pendent stars shining over ebon gulfs.

Gentle astronomer, increase your magnifying, for we long to investigate, space by space, this moon whose beauties we have never known before!

The footprints are not footprints. They are cup-shaped hollows innumerable! These drifts, as of snow, are ranges of mountains, and the promontories and pendent stars are crags and mountain tops just catching the rays of dawn. Down their steep sides lie the shadows of night; the topmost peaks alone have caught the glory! And beyond is the right-side of the moon, illuminated by dim earthlight.

# Our Young Folks.

## THE ASPIRING GLOW-WORM.

BY PIPKIN.

"PEOPLE take me to be a star, and I am a star," cried a glow-worm, glancing upwards to the fair, sweet midsummer sky, spangled with its many lights; and the very stars themselves seemed to smile, looking down through the giddy depths between them and the little speaker as if they heard his words.

It was summer-time, and a charm and a glamor lay upon the laughing earth.

Even now, at midnight, something that was inexpressibly lovely brooded over all; the flowers lay like tired children fast asleep, their eyes closed as if the stars had kissed them to slumber; dew-drops glistened here and there in the starlight; the small people of the forest moved hither and thither like folk of our world who love the pensive twilight with its cooler air after the hot, garish day.

And then the forest trees bowed grandly; solemn and mysterious they were, all their leaves whispering together, as if they had a mighty secret among them, which only the wind, always questioning and curious knew.

Squirrels, dormice, toads, frogs, beetles, spiders, earwigs—it would puzzle to have to name all the small folks in the grand old forest out on that fair summer's night enjoying the coolness and the calm.

Many little glow-worms were there among the rest, but only one was so presumptuous as to fancy himself a star.

Poor mite; his small, panting, aspiring heart was deceiving him, or he never would have uttered the words he did.

Even a cockroach—not given to contradict or to interfere with his neighbors—cast up his eyes as he heard, and muttered—

"What next, I wonder! How people do deceive themselves. If that weak thing I always thought to be a worm is a star, then distance indeed lends a charm, a sparkle, that is all."

"Charm! sparkle!" cried the little worm, who had quick ears, and heard what the other said. "Then you fancy I am a sham; but I am real, and I say I am a star."

"Oh, nonsense; a star is a queer thing if you are a star," remarked Mr. Toad, regarded as somewhat of an oracle among his friends because of his age.

"I shine, and they shine," was the small glimmerer's retort, raising his head to get a peep through the forest-trees at the mighty worlds he so little understood, "so what is the difference?"

"A great difference," observed Mrs. Blind-beetle, who always would interfere, even in things she could not understand.

"How can you tell, being blind?" snapped the offended worm.

"Aye, but blind people are not always in the dark," laughed Mrs. Blind-beetle, with just the ring of a sneer in her tone, at which an earwig which was passing tittered, a grasshopper chirped and leaped round the little aspirant with glee, and a squirrel and a dormouse squeaking in its shrill, treble voice—

"I'm off to have a peep at the true stars that never have been, never will be glow-worms."

Now it was not in vanity nor overwhelming self-esteem that the poor little glow-worm spoke so vauntingly of himself, for his heart thrilled and glowed with pleasure at the thought of being such a fair, pure light as those above his head for the world to joy in; only, like many another of us, he fancied himself of so much more importance than he really was.

His very soul grew sad when he heard his neighbors deriding him thus, and he crept away abashed, weeping as he went till his light went out.

"Well, Mr. Glow-worm, I was near upon crushing you. Where is your lantern?" cried an adventurous hare, out on pleasure bent this fine night.

"They are all laughing at me and my lantern; so—so——" the glow-worm's voice trembled.

"So you piped your eye and put it out."

"Well, yes, that's something like the truth," affirmed the other, rather moodily.

"But what made them laugh at you? Glow-worms have been thought much of for many a year, because they are such dear little night-lights," was the remark of Mr. Hare, perching his head on one side.

"Well, if you must know, I said I was a star, and they quite made game of me."

"Then I wouldn't say I was what I was not. Why, the stars are watchers at heaven's gate, while you're a small earth-worm with a mission."

"What is my mission?" panted the eager thing.

"Ah! that's more than I can say; I hardly know my own; but I should say, fancy yourself to be what you are, and nothing greater, and you'll find out." And the hare bounded away.

An earth-worm with a mission. The tiny creature laid its head on the cool earth and wept, while all around him his fellows were shining so calmly contented, and all other small things joying and living their simple lives.

Now a nightingale began to sing near, a low, tremulous song, as if borrowed from some other land than ours. The sweet melody made glad the night.

The glow-worm was fain to listen; there was something so inexpressibly tender in her tones.

She told, as the plaintive strain rippled on of a fairer clime than ours, of skies more dreamily blue, of sunshine more golden, and people whose very souls thrilled with music and song.

And there—in the cool, sweet shade—were fire-flies, wee mites of star-like skimmers tossing their radiance into the general beauty, because it was their life-work, their joy—

> "The fire-flies flit, wee stars of earth,
> For great in small must have its birth;
> And as they flit, and as they shine—
> List, little glow-worm, such work is thine."

were the words which went circling down in that warbling song to the glow-worm, so sorrowful and cast down. The fire-flies were content to be small lights abroad, his fellows were content to be the same at home; then why should he yearn to be, or fancy himself a star?

"I will rise and shine," said the worm, as by inspiration; and at that instant a pale moonbeam—for the moon had risen—answered him.

"Aye, little creature of the earth, rise and blend your light with mine."

"Am I worthy?" questioned the small thing. "I thought I was a star a little time ago; I don't want to be so foolish again; I want to be just what I am, and to do what I ought."

"Then be a glow-worm; because it is your Maker's will you should be such, and light your glimmering lamp; believe me 'twill chase away a speck of darkness," added the moonbeam.

"And shall I always have to shine on earth?" asked the aspirant, who panted to hear more.

"I may not say, my little eager one; but be content with what I have told thee. Blend thy light with mine through the dark nights of thy being, and be assured that it shall be well with thee in the end."

The moonbeam tripped on its way; but the little glow-worm was quite content now, and lighting his lamp, its rays blended thenceforth with the purer light which flitted and trembled ever and anon around his path.

## FOX AND RABBITS.

BY ROSE KINGSLEY.

A FOX had made his escape from the huntsmen and the hounds, and determined to find for himself a safe retreat on the borders of a forest, where the underwood was so thick and tangled as to be dangerous for horsemen.

"Here," quoth Reynard, "I may live very peacefully, without having my ears disturbed by the huntsman's horn, or if I hear it, I can fly to my den, and almost defy my pursuers. How sad it is that, instead of leaving me to live in comfort, there should be a perpetual warfare going on between our race and man. However, the ill feeling shall not begin on my side; all I want to do is to make a home for myself where I shall not be disturbed."

So saying, the fox set to work, and soon made for himself a comfortable abode, having completed which he laid himself down to sleep, in order that he might get rested after his labors.

Now a little farther in the forest were some patches of fine green grass, and a tiny brook, upon whose banks grew wild thyme and clover, and the softest moss, and on the bank a large grey rabbit was sitting. He was evidently the head of a colony of rabbits, and had quite a sage and venerable air.

"Ah," said he, "what a fortunate thing it is that I have found so quiet a spot for myself and my sons and daughters, and my innumerable grandchildren and great-grandchildren! The step of man is seldom heard in this forest, and there are no cruel hawks about, or foxes, or even owls. Dogs are unknown here, and I see no reason why the rabbits should not be kings of the forest. The song-birds delight to see us frisk about, and we love to hear their sweet songs. Why should there be a perpetual warfare between creatures of different races?"

Then the old rabbit fell to eating the clover, and before long rabbits of all sizes came out of their burrows and frisked about in the sunshine.

Whilst they were thus enjoying themselves, the fox, who had awakened refreshed by his slumber, and felt exceedingly hungry, came out to see what chance of food there was in the land in which he had taken up his residence.

Following the course of the little streamlet he came suddenly upon the colony of rabbits.

"Capital," said he, tossing his head up; "I shall be well provided with food. As fine fat young rabbits as I ever saw anywhere, and doubtless exceedingly tender."

And he stole along as noiselessly as possible, keeping well amongst the bushes. But carefully as he came, the timid rabbits pricked up their ears, and looked to see who the intruder might be. Upon catching sight of the fox they at once fled to their holes, with the exception of the old rabbit, who moved to a distance, and to a point whence he knew he could make his escape in case of need.

But the fox had no particular desire to make a meal of the ancient grandfather of the settlement when there were so many delicious young animals to be had by a little contrivance.

"Halt! let us have a parley," exclaimed he to the grey rabbit.

"Keep well away on the other side of the stream," returned the rabbit, "for I am not ashamed to say that I am little afraid of you."

"Wherefore so?" returned Reynard; "I came here hoping to live on terms of peace with the whole of creation. I came here to lead a quiet pastoral life."

"Well," said the grey rabbit, "I and my family have settled here for the same purpose; we don't want to do harm to any one."

"Why then," returned the fox, "I trust that we may be neighbors; our sentiments agree so well that I am sure our intercourse ought to be pleasant."

The old rabbit looked a little askance at him.

"I should be glad if it could be so," he replied, "but you see that there has so long been a fear of your tribe that we cannot quite overcome our feelings. You will pardon me for saying this so openly."

"Certainly," responded the fox; "nothing could be more natural on your part. We have been a sad set of depredators, I acknowledge it with shame. But there are those among us who have repented and have turned over a new leaf. I am one of these."

"I am not sorry to hear you say so," responded the grey rabbit, "for I had serious thoughts of making a move as soon as I saw you. And I should be sorry to do that, for we have arranged our burrows so conveniently that nothing is wanted for our satisfaction."

"I should be deeply grieved at your contemplating such a thing," said Reynard. "Do try me for a few days and see if we cannot be neighbors." And by his wily conversation and courteous behavior the fox so ingratiated himself with the colony of rabbits that they began to lose all fear of him, and wandered about as carelessly as they had done before he came amongst them.

But now the colony began to decrease daily, for Reynard having established so great a confidence between himself and the elder rabbits, found no difficulty in seizing his opportunity, and in the dim twilight carrying off the unwary young ones to his den, where they were speedily disposed of.

For a long time, so specious was the fox in his behavior that the old grey rabbit did not suspect how matters were tending. But at length his suspicions were aroused, and he determined to watch; the result being that he discovered Reynard stealing away through the thicket with a fine fat rabbit in his mouth.

"Ho; ho!" said the grey rabbit, "and this is the way you are carrying out the contract. You mean villain, pretending friendship, and doing us this cruel injury. Is this the life of peace and reformation that you were to lead?"

The fox dropped the dead rabbit he was carrying, and turned fiercely on the old grandfather.

"Hold your tongue," said he, "or I'll finish you in the same manner. I'm determined to clear the land of you; what right have you to be cropping the clover, and eating the fat of the earth's produce without paying taxes for it? You know that in warfare stratagem is allowable, and so I laid my plans accordingly."

"Vile, deceitful, false," and a thousand other adjectives of reproach were coming from the mouth of the venerable rabbit when Reynard made a sudden spring, which, however, the grey rabbit avoided. Nevertheless he took to his legs, and never had he fled more fleetly than he did on that occasion, and never before had he felt more thankful on finding himself safe in his burrow than then.

"My children," said he, as the rabbits gathered round him to learn the cause of his consternation. "I have found out rather late that it is not well to trust in the fair promises of a secret enemy. I ought to have known that foxes and rabbits could not live long together. It is well I have found it out, even though it is late, since it will save the lives of those that remain. This is no longer a safe place for us, we must decamp at once."

And when the moon arose, she looked down on a concourse of rabbits fleeing across the country as though they fled from hunters. But no one followed them. The fox slept soundly after a heavy meal of young rabbits, and when he sauntered forth late on the next day he found the rabbit burrows deserted, and no trace of the rabbits left.

"I too must move on," said the fox.

Let us hope that he did not follow in the direction the rabbits had taken.

STRANGE PROFESSIONS.—Among the curiosities of the Indian census are the extraordinary professions which some declare they pursue. In Allahabad no fewer than 974 at a former census describe themselves as "low blackguards," a calling which, however, is only too common elsewhere, but the professional "painters of horses with spots" and the "hereditary clerks who pray to their ink-horns" are surely peculiar to India. In Russia, however, the progress of civilization has developed a new profession which it would be difficult to match even in India. Its specialty is the burning of insured premises. The St. Petersburg insurance companies have just captured one of three members of this profession who have carried on this lucrative vocation for several years. They were in the habit of arranging for conflagrations with the owners of insured premises. On being guaranteed 20 per cent. of the insurance money they set fire to the houses, which, being mostly built of wood, burned easily enough. They might have been earning their 20 per cent. to-day but for the astuteness of the Police, who set a trap for them into which they fell, much to the delight of the insurance companies.

HARSH words and harsh requirements have many a time alienated a child's feelings, and crushed out all love of home.

ALTHOUGH salt air is considered healthy, it isn't good taste to keep a barrel of salt mackerel on the prior centre table.

## SERVANTS IN ENGLAND.

HOW the society people manage to find room in their not over large houses for the retinue of servants which they keep is a mystery which may not be explained to their credit. Of course all those of any social pretensions keep private carriages, in the manipulation of which a coachman and footman are required. The old style of having footmen stand behind the chariot has now been generally abandoned, and the custom of wearing knee breeches and powdered wigs is also gradually passing into disuetude. The coachman, now, is chiefly distinguished by his top boots; while the footman sits beside him, wearing an evening dress suit. When at home, these are, no doubt, accommodated in the stable; but where can the butler and his male assistant, the housekeeper, the cook and his or her assistants, the waiting, scullery and lady's maids, find lodgings? Surely the servants in the town establishments of the fashionable English families must put up with accommodations which our ordinary American servants would refuse to accept.

The English servant question is one so closely associated with social life in that country that is naturally suggests itself in this connection. That the English have admirable servants is pretty well known, but it is not so generally recognized that their virtues are circumscribed within a narrow range. They are good so far and no further. Each one has certain special duties to perform, which are by no means onerous, and these services among the upper grade of servants, are performed to perfection. But the girl whose duty it is to look after the fire will take her discharge before she will consent to dust the room. The man who assists the butler in waiting on the table would consider himself disgraced if he were to black his master's boots; while even the cook's assistant must have a scullery-maid to wash the dishes. Consent to these divisions, and the machinery works with delightful perfection; attempt to change them, and there is a deadlock at once.

The wages given to servants are much lower there than with us; about $2 per week, would be considered high pay for women servants, and most of them do not get more than a dollar or a little more a week. The men get from $2 a week (which would be paid for a footman with his clothing) up to $400 a year, which would be about the average of the pay given to first class male cooks. When one takes into account the relatively small amount of service which any one servant can be called upon to perform, this pay is not so low as at first sight it would appear. In an American household, where twice as much is paid, the servants do usually twice as much work. If one attempts to introduce the American system in England, the result is not at all satisfactory. The high grade of servants will not submit to it, while the low grade, from which most of the servants for the humbler citizens are drawn, furnishes domestics of a type whose inferiority cannot be easily surpassed. When one hears of an ordinary private gentleman's establishment near London, where the members of the family number twelve, that has twenty-three indoor servants, some idea may be formed of the subdivision of duty and the small amount which falls to each one to perform.

ABUNDANT HAIR.—Japanese woman are very proud of the hair, which is black and luxuriant. They cultivate and arrange it with great care by brushing their tresses back from the forehead and gathering them in a plaited topknot, covered with flowers, spangles, and hairpins of gold, silver, and tortoise-shell. Rich and poor are alike proud of their hair and the woman in rags devotes the same attention to her hair as any great lady. To preserve the elaborate structure from being disturbed, women during sleep rest their necks on a padded fork. There is no difference between single and married women in wearing the hair, as in China; and their respective social status is indicated by the position of the bow in which the waist scarf is tied, girls wearing it at the back, matrons in front. The latter likewise shave their eyebrows, and dye their teeth black. Girls use rouge freely, and sometimes gild their lips. They are all fond of smoking, and wear their embroidered tobacco pouches as belt ornaments.

WHOSOEVER looks for a friend without imperfection will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

**Holman's Pad vs. Headaches. Conclusive, and to the Point.**

HINGHAM, Mass., Sept. 12, 1879.

I had been a sufferer for many years from the most distressing headaches that ever afflicted any poor mortal. Holman's Pad was suggested. I used one, and very soon found relief. Before the "good of it" was exhausted, I found myself entirely free from my trouble, and have had no return of it since. My wife also used the Pad, in connection with your Absorption Salt, for a variety of troubles, with most gratifying results. We are both *well*, and bless the hour in which this *wonderful healing power* came to our notice.

FRANCIS OVERTON.

One of the mass of testimonials in our possession; we have more than a hundred fully as strong as this, with reference to the action of Holman's Pads in *Headaches* and other ailments.

# Grains of Gold.

Do not see ability and envy it.

Do not look on gain and covet it.

Follow the examples only of the good.

We owe a large part of our happiness to our mistakes.

He is wise who never acts without reason, and never against it.

To win, work and wait—but work a good deal more than you wait.

What is called impudence is generally either ignorance or forgetfulness.

I have lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered.

If we are God's children, we need not fear the developments of the geological science.

It is with happiness as with watches—the less complicated the less easily deranged.

Calumny spreads like an oil-spot; we can never hope to cleanse it, but the mark remains.

The vices and defects of others constitute the mirror in which we should see our own failings.

It is to be observed that even as the word judges, small things constitute almost the whole of life.

Obedience is the primary duty of man. No man but is bound indefeasibly with all forces of obligation to obey.

It is as important that we should have good books as that we should keep good company, as one will make the other.

Modesty sometimes takes the air of pre sumption, as fondness many often assumes the appearance of indifference.

No matter how much a man is worth, if he is heavily in debt, his life is troubled. Make it a rule to never run in debt.

A prudent man will avoid whatever gives occasion for remark, for whatever is talked of much, will be talked of unfavorably.

The strength, depth and purity of love is the heroic test. How much will you bear? How much will you suffer? How much will you sacrifice?

Most people's God is the reflection of their own spirit above the skies; and the comfort of entirely free from complacency of viewing that self-image.

Goodness of heart is man's best treasure, his brightest honor, and noblest acquisition. It is that particular ray of the Divinity which dignifies humanity.

It is only the vulgar who are always fancying themselves insulted. If a man treads on another's toe in good society do you think it is taken as an insult?

Advice is often a well-meant impertinence. It is threat upon unwilling ears.

No man can go into bad company without suffering for it. The homely old proverb has it very terrely: "A man can't bite the bottom out of a frying-pan without spotting his nose."

Perfect purity of intention is the highest spiritual state—a state which, probably, the holiest man has never reached, but to which all children of God are in different measures approximating.

Saying sharp things down't pay. It may gratify your spite at first, but it is better to have friends than enemies, and if you cannot make people happy, you can at least refrain from adding to their misery.

Nothing is more common than for persons to suppose that they know all about an obscure transaction, because they something not known to others. We know what we know, but we don't know what we don't know.

Though years bring with them wisdom, yet there is one lesson the aged seldom learn—namely, the management of youthful feelings. Age is all head, youth is all heart; age reasons, youth is under the dominion of hope.

There are some people who are constantly dressing the tempers of others with that sharp pick a fault-finding disposition. The pugnaciousness of their nature is such that they ever worry all who come in contact with them.

Among the numerous stratagems by which pride endeavors to recommend folly to regard, there is scarcely one that meets with less success than affectation, or a perpetual disguise of the real character by feint dis appearances.

The liberalism which dispenses with creeds, and [illegible] matter what a man believes, [illegible] Christianity without Christ, a worship without reverence, and a life without hope.

Real foresight consists in reserving our own forces. If we labor with anxiety about the future, we destroy that strength which will enable us to meet the future. If we take more in hand now than we can do well, we break up, and the work is broken up with us.

Choose ever the plainest road; it is always best. For the same reason choose ever to do and try what is most just and direct. This conduct will save a thousand blushes and a thousand struggles. It will deliver you from [illegible] which are [illegible] following after [illegible].

Feelings cannot be summoned or dismissed [illegible]. Dear spring [illegible] and stay without a welcome. Yet we can [illegible] with sights, our associations, our reading, our conversation, and to rest in or gratify [illegible] with [illegible].

**A Sufferer for Thirty Years**

A grateful patient within [illegible] had [illegible] take the bargain three weeks when I [illegible] I [illegible] Relief to me I expected, for I had been a great sufferer for thirty years. Treatise on Cancer and Blood sent free. Address Dr. [illegible] and Hill (Girard) Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

# Femininities.

Some girls perfume their gloves.

Isn't it quite in order that every belle should want a ring?

To be very "utter," you want a stuffed white owl in your parlor.

Never use a word or phrase that takes from you your true dignity.

The report comes from England that professional beauty is out of fashion.

Argus turbans for young ladies have a hundred eyes of peacock-feathers.

Heaven has refused genius to woman, in order to concentrate all the fire in her heart.

It is asserted that women are never troubled either with the gout or hay fever.

"Love lightens labor," as the man said when he saw his wife doing his work for him.

A handsome or a rich widow is about the only second-hand article that brings a first-class price.

A beautiful woman [illegible] the eye, a good woman pleases the [illegible] is a jewel, the other a [illegible].

Tinted satin sandals embroidered with tiny pearl beads, are greatly favored by young ladies who dance.

A man's idolatry is for an idea, a woman's for a purpose. A man suffers for a monarchy, a woman for a king.

Wedding shoes of white satin are laced up the instep and finished at the top with a delicate frill of rich lace.

A Connecticut woman has given her son a large comforter made of hair cut from her own head [illegible] ten years.

Daring girls have appeared on the streets with the daintv walking-canes which are the "utter" thing in England.

At Boston dinner parties the latest wrinkle is to place a large clam-shell at each plate, within which is painted an original verse written by the hostess.

She wrote in a handwriting clerky, and talked with an emphasis jerks, and she painted on silks in the sweetest of styles—but she didn't know chicken from turkey.

The carpenter editor of an Eastern paper is out with this advice: "The gran way for a woman to drive a nail is to aim the blow square at her thumb. Then she'll at least avoid hitting her thumb, anyway."

A Brooklyn man, suffering from rheumatism, was advised by his physician to try the waters of some hot spring. "What's the use?" he returned "I've been in hot water ever since I was married." For that remark he deserves to remain there for the rest of his natural [illegible].

[illegible] in the drawing-room, [illegible] you are going to [illegible] partner. Adjure ringlets on a wet day. It's vulgar to know what's for dinner.

A French Countess has set the fashion of carrying a long cane thrust through one of the basket [illegible] hung. This basket is used when gathering flowers in a garden; a ribbed apron, with a huge pocket in front, is always worn on these occasions.

[illegible] berries, [illegible] yellow sprays, dark-red plums, hazelnuts, elderberries, Scottish thistles, acorns, caterpillars made of silk chenille, and birds' nests filled with tiny eggs, are some of the novel adornment which appear on French bonnets designed for the autumn and winter.

A reporter who interviewed some board[illegible]-house keepers on their business experiences, etc., tells this: "Do you have many lady boarders?" "No, I don't, and I don't want them. I never heard a boarding-house keeper say that he or she liked women boarders or lodgers in the house."

"If we only had a fine house like that," sighed Mrs Cheerybody, as she clung lovingly to her husband's arm while they stepped along on their evening [illegible] "how happy we would be. "If I only [illegible] seated at the door of [illegible] shines on that little woman's face I would very willingly consent to be a [illegible]."

A tub-race at the sea-shore the other day drew a crowd of 4,000 persons. The people didn't care so much about the race, but the sight of a wash-tub was quite a revelation to most of them. Several of the young ladies were quite enthusiastic in their expressions of delight, one of them remarking that the wash-tub's rugged beauty was quite too overpowering for idle words.

"Oh, isn't—this—delightful," says Angelina to Evelina. "I think surf-bathing is splendid," and then she scooped up a half pint of water in her [illegible] hands and doused it in her companion's face [illegible] for the benefit of two noble knights, who escorted the ladies far out where the breakers were rolling beautifully.

How frequently does one hear some (perhaps strange) lady say of another, "She was once full of fun!" The melancholy saying comes to one's ears in cars, boats, stores, and parlors—"She was full of fun." If one has any sentiment, to hear the words is saddening. What was she when she was full of fun, and what sombre, forlorn, perhaps broken-[illegible] is she now that she has lost her fun? or was she a [illegible] too funny for her own good, and is she a sedate and [illegible] lady now?

Whether in nature or in art, the presence of the beautiful suffices and pleases. But let no young lady fall into the blunder of supposing that only that which is expensive can ever be beautiful. It is labor, care, skill, an artistic eye, and a refined taste that beautify. Whether in home, or in dress, in speech or in manners, money is not the main thing which provides the beautiful. The dowdy apparel of many a matron has cost more money by far than the neat and beautiful garb of her indigent but orderly neighbor.

# News Notes.

Tennyson is 72 years old.

A codfish produces 3,686,760 eggs.

Velvet is to be much worn this winter.

Devote eight hours of the twenty four to sleep.

New York has 500 men who own over $5,000,000 apiece.

Complaint is made that Indiana has few first-class hotels.

At the London clubs iced barley-water is the correct thing.

A Protestant church has been opened in a leading city of Mexico.

The latest novelty in canned goods are frogs and sweet potatoes.

Open embroidery of silk on wool is the trimming for wool [illegible].

There are 205,000 bodies buried in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn.

The Mayor of Hartford, Conn., gives his whole salary to the city charity.

The drug stores of Savannah, Ga., refuse to sell soda water to sad [illegible] people.

A pretty English girl, 17 years old, lately had her neck fractured in trying to [illegible] a kiss.

Beads of dull jet, set in silver, will be used as trimming for second mourning costumes for [illegible].

Bismarck has grown so fat that he cannot sit in an ordinary chair. He now uses a sort of short sofa.

Four murders a day in London appear to be about the average, according to recent files of English papers.

Keep the body clean; the countless pores of the skin are so many little drainpipes for the refuse [illegible].

Autumn leaves in their various hues, made of chenille embroidery, are displayed to be used [illegible].

The bits of shattered rib taken from the President, which were intended for the necklace [illegible] scarf, have been stolen.

"Telelogue" is suggested as a needed new word to express "telephonic communication" or a message by telephone.

The first man who succeeded in liquifying oxygen, has invented a steam vessel in which he expects to travel 3 miles an hour.

A noted authoress has raised a storm in Great Britain by proposing to issue a condensed edition of Scott's novels in penny parts.

Holloway, the patent pill-maker, is reported to have given upward of $2,500,000 for printing through purposes during the last five years.

A dairy now, owned in New York, was milked 365 days last year, giving 6,167 quarts of milk from which 452 pounds of butter were made.

A Massachusetts bicyclist has sued for damages a pedestrian who pushed his machine on a sidewalk, throwing the rider heavily on a pile of stones.

The boys of Westminster School had a holiday to enable them to attend the funeral of Dean Stanley. Some of them took advantage of this to play cricket.

Somebody suggests that the Great Eastern, which is offered for sale, be fitted up as a summer [illegible] and moored off in the vicinity of one of the [illegible].

In London recently a baker refused to [illegible] a loaf of bread in the presence of the purchaser. The judge who tried the case fined the baker [illegible] and costs.

Mr. Buchanan, brother of the late ex-President, is a lively and handsome old gentleman, in his 89th year. He is a good talker, and is much interested in politics.

Women are admitted to nine of the Italian universities, and at Naples University one lady studies medicine, another pursues the sciences, and still another devotes her time to philosophy.

Housemaids who kneel on cold stones in the act of cleaning doorsteps, frequently catch a severe cold and the malady known as "housemaid's knee." A long-handled mop is suggested as a preventive.

Albert Victor and George, the sons of the Prince of Wales, sent home to their father a present in the shape of a collection of the tails of fifteen kangaroos which they shot during a kangaroo hunt in south Australia.

The largest flagging-stone ever quarried in the United States has just been placed in front of Vanderbilt's new house in New York. It is 25 feet 3 inches long, 15 feet broad, and 6 inches thick, and [illegible].

The Italian peasants in the neighborhood of Albano never laugh or sing; they have no music, dancing or promenading, and while the men loaf about the streets, and the women sit on the doorsteps, the very children have no amusements.

Perhaps the largest pasture in the world in the world is the property of a grazier on the border Texas having forty miles of rock fence on one side, and yet requiring two hundred miles to inclose it; the owner expects to raise one thousand tons of oats on it, and to feed one hundred thousand head of cattle.

A Chicago sculptor has returned from [illegible] with a statue [illegible] the [illegible] horn of plenty. As a final touch she rests her foot on the head of a hog.

**Indulgent Parents**

Who allow their children to eat heartily [illegible] cooked food, rich pies, cakes, etc., will have to [illegible] with out them in the house.


# HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

## RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

[illegible] and a sound [illegible] your [illegible] use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cures.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Skin [illegible], Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Blood [illegible] from Scrofula, Erysipelas, Disease [illegible] and Special, either [illegible] mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate [illegible] upon a case if [illegible] the curative [illegible] of the active principles [illegible] than any other preparation. Taken [illegible] Those which others require five or six [illegible]. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

## R. R. R.

## RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

**ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE**

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS [illegible] EXPENDED FOR QUININE, BITTERS OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

[illegible] Radway's Ready Relief [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Some months ago "The Saturday Evening Post" commenced telling its readers about

# THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

About its being a labor-saving invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to overworked women and servant-girls; that it was as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor; that the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes was a better way and an easier way than the old way, and that it would answer both for the finest laces and garments and for the coarser clothing of the laboring classes; that the directions were so simple and easy that a child could have no trouble in following them, and that it was a cheap soap to use; that a few minutes' time on the part of a housekeeper of ordinary intelligence was all that was necessary to show the girl or washerwoman how to use it, and every housekeeper should insist **on its being used exactly by the directions, and should not listen to any excuse for not using it.**

***The Saturday Evening Post*** **also endorsed** all these statements, and told its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes **never failed** when the soap fell in the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

## A Person of Refinement,

*The Saturday Evening Post* said, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes in place of the old, hard sloppy, filthy way

## A Person of Intelligence,

*The Saturday Evening Post* said, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

## A Person of Honor,

*The Saturday Evening Post* said, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

## And Sensible Persons,

*The Saturday Evening Post* said, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that better ways had been brought to their notice.

## Time Has Shown

That these efforts have been appreciated. Though the advertisements in this paper and the unqualified indorsement of every claim made for the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, the Frank Siddalls Soap has been sent to every State in the Union where *The Saturday Evening Post* circulates, and overworked or annoyed housekeepers from every section have written their letters of thanks for having had their attention drawn to this great improvement.

## The Frank Siddalls Soap

Has already been introduced into a number of public institutions through *The Saturday Evening Post* and other religious papers. Among others, the Sisters of the Convent of the Visitation, of Maysville, Ky., have written a splendid testimonial. They say that the Soap has given wonderful satisfaction, both in the laundry and for the bath and toilet. They use it for taking out grease spots from black goods, for washing burns and blisters, and for every household use

**AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER—remember that prejudice is a sign of ignorance—and give one honest trial to the FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.**

**After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her own interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FOUR conditions** — { Persons who do not comply with all FOUR of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters.

1st. Inclose the retail price (10 cents) in money or stamps.
2d. Say in her letter in what paper she saw the advertisement.
3d. Promise that the soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash
4th. Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for a single lady reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* for not doing away with all of her wash-day troubles.

**Gentlemen are requested not to send for the Soap until their wives have promised to faithfully comply with every requirement.**

# The Frank Siddalls IMPROVED WAY of Washing Clothes.

**Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow these Rules Exactly, or Dont Buy the Soap.**

**The soap washes freely in hard water. Dont use soda or lye. Dont use borax. Dont use anything but FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.**

## THE WASH-BOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash water in the tea kettle, the wash water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea kettle will answer for even a large wash.

**A wash-boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this soap. Always use lukewarm water. Never use very hot water,** and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in, the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap

FIRST.—Cut the soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard, and rub on the soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. **Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour**—by the clock—**and let the soap do its work.**

NEXT.—**After soaking** the full time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the **wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out**—turn each garment inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—**but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can** readily be got out in ONE suds, if a streak is hard to wash, soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes, but DONT keep the soap on the wash board, nor lying in the water, or it will waste. Do not expect this soap to wash out stains that have been SET by the old way of washing

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out. Wash each piece lightly on the washboard (without using any more soap), **and see that all the dirty suds are got out.**

NEXT, the blue-water; which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for this soap takes the place of bluing. *Stir a piece of the soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy.* Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them, and hang them out to dry *without any more rinsing, and with out scalding or boiling a single piece.* Washed this way the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will smell as sweet as new. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a good way, nor a clean way, to put clothes to soak over night. Such long soaking sets dirt, and **makes the clothes harder to wash.**

If at any time the wash-water gets too cool to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather, use less soap **next time; if not lather enough, use more soap.**

For Washing Horses, Dogs, and other Domestic Animals, The Frank Siddalls Soap is without an equal, it is excellent for washing the dirt out of scratches and sores on horses. Fleas, lice, and other vermin on animals, are attracted by dirt; wash the animal clean, and there is no dirt for the vermin to thrive on. It takes the smell of milking off the farmer's hands. Try the Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving; it leaves the most tender skin smooth and soft, try it for Washing the Baby; try it for cleaning Sores, Wounds, and for Hospital Use generally, in place of the Imported Castile soap. It will not irritate the face and neck when sore from sunburn, nor the Baby when chafed with its clothing.

Persons who have had their Skin Poisoned by the Poison Oak or Poison Sumac, or those who are afflicted with Salt Rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Pimples or Blotches **on the face, Old Stubborn Ulcers, Itching Piles, etc., often find that the use of** Castile or toilet soaps seems to aggravate their trouble. The Frank Siddalls Soap, **on the contrary, will agree with the most delicate skin; it can be used both in health and disease, and can always be depended on not to irritate the skin even of the youngest infant, and for that reason is recommended by many physicians and nurses for washing burns and scalds and all sore surfaces of the skin in preference to the best Castile soap.**

For use in the Sick Room, for Washing Utensils, Bedding, etc., and for Washing an Invalid, it is highly recommended by physicians and others as remarkable for being both mild and at the same time thoroughly cleansing

Remember it does not soil the Clothing or Bedding, and it is not necessary to rinse the suds thoroughly off, as is the case with most other soaps

*ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, OFFICE OF*

# FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,

## 718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such wholesale houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co., Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, and others, and by many retail grocers in New York and Brooklyn, is sold in Philadelphia by nearly every wholesale and retail grocer, and is rapidly growing to be the most Popular Soap in the United States.

**A few of the MANY THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS that are received at the Office of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP are printed in this week's "Saturday Evening Post." By reference to Mr. Siddall's affidavit, it will be seen that he makes positive affidavit that these testimonials are all genuine. In addition, a gentleman connected with the staff of this paper has personally examined every one of the postals and letters from which the testimonials were copied, and THEY ARE UNDOUBTEDLY GENUINE, proving that THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP will do everything claimed, when the directions are followed, and will make clothes clean, sweet and white without boiling or scalding,**

and that any statements to the contrary are either ignorant falsehoods or malicious falsehoods.

**It surpasses all other soap, and the labor in washing is not half what it is the old way.**

Bennett, Neb., June 18, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall.

Dear Sir: After a trial of your way of washing with your Soap, it gives me great pleasure to state that it surpasses all other soaps and preparations that I have seen used. The labor is hardly half what it is the old way. Please send me prices. Yours respectfully.

SALOME WILSON

**A voice from the far West, from a large co-operative concern.**

We have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, and the success is so great that we must have it. It is certainly all you say it is. I am President of a Co-operative Concern, where we have eight clerks, and desire your list of prices, as we must have it.

JAMES W. TAYLOR,
Lehi City, Utah Co., Utah.

June 29, 1881.

**Can be termed the Housekeeper's Relief.**

Have used your Soap according to the directions, and find it a complete cleanser and sweetener of all clothing, and will use no other if I can procure it, and will do all I can to introduce it among my friends. I think it can be termed "the Housekeeper's Relief," for the old wash-day is one of the most trying that falls to the lot of housekeepers.

MRS. J. B. LITTLE,
McGaheysville, Buckingham Co., Va.

June 20, 1881.

**Must prove a great boon to the human family.**

North Haverhill, N. H., June 14, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Dear Sir: The Soap you sent me has been tried, and the result, for clothes, shaving, and other purposes, has proven satisfactory. I think its general use must prove a great boon to the human family. Respectfully yours,

F. EASTMAN.

**Washes in the hard water of Kansas.**

Sir: I have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, both with hard and soft water, and with satisfactory results, the labor not being more than one-half what it would have been with other soap, while the articles washed were cleaner and whiter than by the old plan. I used the Soap exactly by the directions.

MARY THAYER,
Ottawa, Coffee Co., Kan.

June 11, 1881.

**Used both in soft and hard water.**

Monticello, Minn., June 13, 1881.

Dear Sir: The cake of Frank Siddalls Soap came to hand, and I have tried it both in soft and hard water, and I pronounce it the best Soap I have ever used. Please give me the price by the box.

MRS. J. W. HANAFORD.

**A reverend gentleman and his family perfectly astonished.**

Dear Sir: The cake of soap came to hand last Saturday, and to-day we tried it on a family wash. When the clothes came from the wash we were astonished. They were—well, see Mark ix. 3 for a description.

We are delighted, and now I want to know the prices, for my wife says she never wants to go back to the old way of washing. Yours truly,

REV. C. GALEENER.

**A two weeks' wash done in two hours, and the authority of a postmistress for saying so.**

I have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, and am very much pleased with it, and have done a two weeks' wash in two hours, which would have taken half a day's hard labor to do by the old way of washing. Any woman can do her own washing with it, as the Soap does all the hard work. Some of the clothes were very badly soiled, but came out clean and white. Please let me know by return mail what it will cost, as I don't see how I can do without it.

Yours respectfully,

C. WASHABAUGH, P. M.,
Broad Ford, Pa.

June 15, 1881.

**A heartfelt tribute to the Frank Siddalls Soap.**

Dear Sir: There are not words in the English language to express the gratitude at the result of the Frank Siddalls Soap. I find it just as recommended, and believe in time it will be as universally used as the sewing machine. If I cannot persuade any of our grocerymen to order it, I shall send for some for myself and to supply my friends. Please let me know the price.

MRS. JOSHUA SMITH,
Deposit, Broome Co., N. Y.

July 5, 1881.

**Makes flannels as soft as new.**

Hornellsville, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Frank Siddall, Esq.:

We found your Soap to be more than you claim for it, for my wife says that for washing white flannels she never saw anything that came anywhere near equaling it, for they were very stiff, and had a stained look, but after one washing with the Frank Siddalls Soap they came out clean and white and as soft as new.

JAMES E. BEACH.

**A success for washing colored clothes.**

Forge Village, Mass., June 26, 1881.

Mr. Siddall:

I received your Soap, and have used it according to directions. It works charmingly. I like it better than any soap I have ever used. I was a little afraid of it on colored clothes, but used it as the directions say, and they looked as nice as I could want. Would like to know the price by the box, as our grocer does not keep it. Yours truly.

MRS. SARAH P. PRESCOTT.

## AFFIDAVIT.

**Before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for the City of Philadelphia, personally appeared Frank H. Siddall, well known to me as a prominent citizen of Philadelphia in good standing, and made the following affidavit:**

I served an apprenticeship to the Drug and Chemical Business with the well known Philadelphia drug firm of John C. Baker & Co.; attended three full courses of Lectures on Chemistry, Materia Medica, and the Preparation of Medicines, at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and graduated March, 1856; and up to the time of my entering into the manufacturing of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP—a period of twenty-five years—was engaged in the Wholesale and Retail Drug Business, the greater part of that time on my own account.

I hereby make solemn affidavit that the FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP is not a medicated preparation, but is made from fine materials, entirely free from any deleterious fats, acids, or other injurious substances, and that the wonderful healing properties that it appears to have, on old and recent sores and ulcers, chapped and inflamed surfaces, and itching of the skin, tetter, salt rheum, itching piles, &c., &c., sores and scratches, mange, and scabby skin troubles of dogs, hogs and other animals, must be entirely due to the purity of the materials of which it is composed, the clean process by which it is made, and the great care taken during every stage of its manufacture to see that none of its ingredients shall be soiled by careless or ignorant manipulation; and that my success in the production of such a superior soap is attributable to the same reason that one housekeeper will produce sweet, light and wholesome bread, where others, who use equally as good flour, will, through defective management, have sour, heavy and indigestible bread.

I do solemnly declare that while it was never intended for, and is not, nor is it claimed to be, a medical preparation, or having any special medical properties, there is no question but that it is a valuable aid to the physician, from its remarkable cleansing, purifying and deodorizing properties, which so thoroughly remove all foreign matter from the skin that nature is enabled to carry on its own healing functions.

I do solemnly declare that the testimonials published from time to time are copies of genuine letters received at my office in due course of business, the originals being on file and open to the inspection of the public.

***I further declare that all the claims made for it are true in every particular, and that statements that it will not do everything claimed, when the directions are followed, are malicious or ignorant falsehoods;*** that it actually makes clothing clean, sweet and white without boiling or scalding or hard rubbing, and is equally good for calico, lawns, blankets, flannels, fine laces and fine clothing, as well as the more soiled garments of farmers, miners, blacksmiths and laborers; removing the grime, dust and dirt from the skin of engineers and firemen, cleansing and removing the smell from milk utensils, and the hands of those who attend to milking, and superior for cleaning nursing bottles and tubing, and consequently of great advantage in the nursery; and that it can be made to go so much further than other soap for all uses, and saves so much fuel when used on the family wash, that it is the cheapest soap that even the poorest family can buy.

I do further solemnly declare that it is used by myself and family, to the exclusion of all other soap, for toilet, shaving, bathing, and all household purposes, and in place of Castile soap for cleaning the teeth, and in the washing of cuts and wounds; and that I have positive knowledge, from my own personal and home experience, that even its long-continued use will not injure the skin of those using it, nor the most delicate fabrics washed with it

FRANK H. SIDDALL.

**The above affidavit affirmed and subscribed before me this twenty-fourth day of June, A. D. 1881.**

**EZRA LUKENS Magistrate of Court No. 12.**

**A boon to womankind.**

157 Whitton Street, Jersey City, June 29, 1881.

My wife desires me to write and say she is delighted with the Soap you sent as a labor-saver and thorough cleanser. "She never saw the like." It has no equal; it possesses all the peculiar characteristics you claim for it, and it is truly "a boon to womankind." We shall never be without it, and you have many thanks for your kindness in sending us a sample.

Very truly yours,

E. F. CROWEN.

**The Frank Siddalls Soap saves money.**

Morristown, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

Dear Sir: Your Soap was received and given a good test by my wife.

It saves money in several ways, to wit: Saves soap, wood, water, etc. Will always be glad to give it the best recommendation of any soap that we have had anything to do with. Yours respectfully,

GEO. H. RUSSEL.

P. S.—How can we get the Soap? We keep store, and would like to have your Soap for sale.

**Washed forty-five pieces in two hours, and never saw better washing.**

Bonham, Fannin County, Texas, June 14, 1881.

We gave your Soap a fair trial on a large wash for six persons—executed the whole job in about two hours, and find the soap everything it is recommended to be. I never saw better washing; the ladies are delighted, and now I want to know the price for two or three boxes.

Yours truly, W. E. CARMEY.

**As soon think of doing without bread and butter.**

After giving the Frank Siddalls Soap a thorough trial, I can conscientiously say that it is all you recommend it to be. I should about as soon be without bread and butter at my meals, as now to be without the Frank Siddalls Soap.

MRS. M. I. THORN,
Box 200, Alden, Erie County, N. Y.

June 27, 1881.

**Will wash badly stained articles.**

May 5, 1881.

I have washed with your Soap according to the directions, and find that it does all you claim for it. Some of the articles were badly stained, and it took the stains out with little trouble or labor. Please let me know the price by the box.

MAG. A. PETTUS,
Purcell's, Savier Co., Arkansas.

**It is hard to go back to the old way.**

Murdock, Douglass Co., Ill., June 16, 1881.

Sir: I found your soap to be all it is recommended, for it saves me more than half the labor. It is hard to go back to the old way of washing. Please let me know how you sell it and I will send for some, for it is remarkable how it works.

KATE KRACHT.

**A most wonderful and labor-saving discovery.**

Forest Home, Warren Co., Miss., June 14, 1881.

Frank Siddall, Esq.:

Your Soap fulfills in every particular all you claim for it. It is so satisfactory that my wife wishes me to buy a box of it. It is a most wonderful and labor-saving discovery, and I shall not hesitate to recommend it in the strongest terms to my neighbors. Send me your terms for one or more boxes. Yours respectfully,

L. RAWSON.

**"A person don't know how easy a washing is until Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes is tried."**

Arapahoe, Furnas Co., Nebraska, June 9, 1881.

Tried your Soap yesterday on a big wash, and I can thankfully say that it does all that is claimed for it: and the clothes came off the line cleaner and whiter than the old way of washing makes them. A person don't know how easy a washing is, until they try Frank Siddalls way of washing: It does away with the hard work.

Now I want to know the price of the Soap by the box, for I expect to use no other. Respectfully yours,

SALLIE MEYERHOEFFER.

**God bless the inventor of the Frank Siddalls Soap.**

Bloomsburg, Tioga Co., Pa., June 15, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Your Soap was received and used by the directions, and I was surprised at the results. Your Soap is all you claim it to be. God bless the inventor of Frank Siddalls Soap!

Yours respectfully, J. P. MORRELL.

**Its softening effects on the skin a reality.**

Yazoo City, Mississippi, July 5, 1881.

I have given the Frank Siddalls Soap a trial under my personal supervision, and am more than pleased and satisfied with the result. In addition to its other merits, it takes out sewing machine oil stains like magic. I am in love with it for the toilet and bath. When the lather is allowed to stay on the body the skin feels as soft and pliant as if it had been anointed with oil or cream. Please let me know the price by the box.

MRS. M. A. HARRISON

**Charmed with its wonderful work.**

St. Joseph, Louisiana, June 20, 1881.

Have tried the Soap in strict accordance with the directions, and am charmed with it. Its work is wonderful. I would like to know where to get more, and the price by the box.

MRS. H. NICHOLS.

**From a Philadelphia Grocer, showing that sensible wash-women recommend it.**

61st St. and Hazel Av., West Phila., July 7, 1881.

Dear Sir: We have been using your Soap for some time, and find it all that you promise. Our wash-woman uses it just as directed, and has no trouble in washing, and we sell a great deal through her recommendation.

J. C. HAEFLICH, Grocer.

**The dirt all came out with the Soap.**

Hadley, Lapeer Co., Mich.

Dear Sir: We have followed your directions, and are very much pleased with the result. While we were washing out the soap from the clothes the dirt all came out. We have never used anything to wash with that began to compare with your Soap.

Please inform us what your terms are, and oblige

MRS. A. N. HART.

**The rubbing is so light that it does not seem like work.**

Muldoon, Mississippi, June 17, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Your Soap received, and gives perfect satisfaction. The only trouble with it is that the rubbing is so light that it does not seem at all like work. How, and at what price can I obtain the Soap by the box? Yours, etc.,

MRS. A. KILMER.

**The happiest wash-day in thirty-seven years.**

Dear Sir:

My wife and servant have given the Frank Siddalls Soap a trial according to directions. And now let me say: Thirty and seven years have I lived in this evil world, and never before have I seen such a happy wash-day; no steam, no heat, no unpleasant odor, no work. Please send price for box at once, as we want it in time for the wash next week. Very truly,

J. C. STEPHENS.
Trinity M. E. Church.

Lafayette, Ind., June 20, 1881.

**A prejudiced jury decides in favor of the Frank Siddalls Soap.**

Butler, Pendleton Co., Ky., June 16, 1881.

Have just put The Frank Siddalls Soap on trial, having submitted the case to a prejudiced jury (my wife). The verdict is in favor of the Soap. My wife says it will do all that is claimed for it in the way of washing clothes, and no mistake. Please give me information as to how it can be procured. Yours truly,

C. A. WANDELOHR.

**Not only all, but more than is claimed for it, and Frank Siddall will be regarded as a public benefactor.**

409 Larimer St., P. O. Box 1283, Denver, Col.,
July 5, 1881.

I have used The Frank Siddalls Soap as directed, and was gratified to find that it was not only all, but more than you claimed for it. As soon as your Soap is in general use you will be regarded as a public benefactor. Please advise me of the price by the box, for I must have it for my use, as I find it good for all purposes; and although when I sent for it I thought it to be a humbug, I now most cheerfully bear testimony to its goodness and worth.

Yours very truly,

MRS. M. W. BRANDENBURG.

**The Frank Siddalls Soap too much for the black, waxy soil of the West.**

Brandon, Hill Co., Tex., June 11, 1881.

Dear Sir: To-day my wife has done a big wash with your Soap, and is delighted with it; says it don't take half the water the old way does, and she don't have to stand over a steam bath from boiling hot suds, and the clothes dry out clear and white, and smell as nice.

Our black, waxy soil makes clothing awful dirty, but your soap roots it out with but little rubbing.

Our water is very hard, but your Soap washes nicely in it, and we did not have to use soda or lye as we do when using other soap. Please send prices.

GEORGE BLANCHARD.

**It is not asking much to ask for one wash-day a FAIR, HONEST TRIAL of the Most Wonderful Soap and the Most Wonderful Way of Washing Clothes Ever Discovered.**

**The Frank Siddalls Soap is excellent for washing mirrors, window glass, car windows, and all kinds of glass vessels; also for washing milk utensils, and for removing the smell from the hands after milking. Where water is scarce or has to be carried far, it is well to know that a few buckets of water will answer for doing a large wash when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used according to the directions.**

**For Sale by a number of Wholesale Grocers in Pittsburgh;—S. Ewart & Co.; Curry & Metzgar; Johnson, Eagye & Earl; John Porterfield & Co., and others.**

# New Publications.

"The Tragedy of Abraham Lincoln" is a history of the late war written in the form of a play. It is more curious than impressive. Dr. C. W. Selden, publisher, New York.

From Ig. Kohler, 912 Arch St., this city, we have received parts 6 and 7 of the splendid new translation of the works of the great German poet Schiller. It will be completed in twenty-five numbers, at the rate of twenty cents a number. Each issue contains several splendid full-page engravings.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's powerful and highly absorbing novel, "The Bridal Eve," is shortly to be issued by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros., of this city, in excellent style at the exceedingly low price of seventy-five cents a copy. The cheapness of the work should give it an immense sale. Everybody will be delighted with it.

"Notes from Sunland" is the title of a little illustrated book issued by S. C. Upham, Esq., relating to South Florida. It is a clever work in every sense, containing all facts of interest relating to the country, interwoven with history and anecdote in a most entertaining manner. It is intended more particularly to give information concerning Florida as a place for immigration, and well fulfils its task. Whether for this purpose, or merely the pleasure of reading, it is well worth perusal. Price 25 cents. 25 South Eighth St., this city.

MAGAZINES.

*Potter's American Monthly* for September has the following excellent list of contents: "New and Old Mexico," "Twilight," "A Romance of Two Summers," "A Sunflower," continuation of "Kith and Kin," "The First American Baronet," "Seth Marvin's Mirror," "Flint and Sand," "Victrix Victa," "Decoration of Cottage Homes," "The Crossgrains and the Straightgrains," "Late," "Novelties in Fancy-Work," "Through the Clover," etc., etc. The various departments likewise are well filled with matter both useful and entertaining. J. E. Potter & Co., publishers, this city.

In point of fine illustrations the September *Wide Awake* is quite up to the midsummer number. Among the articles are those on "Fishing-Rods," "King Philip's Head," "The Mirage Man," "A Cloudy Day in Green Apple Time," "The Ballad of Boy Blue," "Having His Own Way," etc. Instalments are given both of "Sharon" and "Polly Cologne," no less than sixteen illustrations being given with the latter in this number. Mr. Francis, the cat artist, turns his attention to the dancing pigs, an amusing poem of the piggy-wigs. Rev. E. E. Hale has an interesting talk with the children about the shooting of President Garfield, and former assassinations of history; and there are good puzzles, and a very singable and playable piece of music. An important announcement is made on the cover of this number respecting the permanent enlargement of the magazine, and the establishment of a Reading Union for American and English Young Folks, beginning with the October number. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston.

NEW MUSIC.

We have just received a copy of a new song and chorus called, "God Bless the Little Woman," founded on a remark of the President's after being shot. The words are written by Howard N. Fuller, and the music was composed by Charlie Baker. Price, 35 cents per copy. F. W. Helmick, 180 Elm St., Dincinnati, Ohio.

THE RUSSIAN CLERGY.—Russian society, sceptical to the core, has unfortunately a parochial clergy utterly incapable of putting itself into relation with the thinking portion of the community, a clergy among whom men of literature and men of the world alike have ceased to look for learning or moral elevation. Neither in their writings nor in their ministrations, still less in social intercourse, are the Russian clergy as a body able, or apparently willing, to enter into the discussion of those problems of life and mind which border on religion. Illiterate themselves, furnished with scanty information picked up in ill-organized seminaries, they fail entirely as pioneers of culture among one of the most backward peasantries of modern Europe. Thus we find the reading of the Bible not forbidden indeed, yet at the same time not encouraged. Priest and people kiss the book reverentially, but otherwise neglect it. Cases have been where copies of the Bible have been carefully wrapped up and put by in the houses of peasants with the remark, "Now, little mother, the good God cannot be hard on us when we have such a sacred treasure in the house." Religious ignorance accordingly reigns supreme. An instance, related by an English traveler, of a Russian peasant who, being asked if he could name the three persons of the Trinity, replied without hesitation, "Of course, it is the Savior, the Mother of God and St. Nicholas the Miracle-worker."—is by no means a very unusual exhibition of ignorance.

Religion amounts in many cases to mere Czar worship. "What kind of obedience do we owe to the Czar?" inquires the Catechism. Answer: "An entire, passive and unbounded obedience in every point of view." The devotions of the people are reduced to mechanical formulæ, there are no service books in which to follow the prayers of the church, and sermons are seldom preached to appeal to their minds and consciences.

THE ladies who sometime since were unable to go out, having taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, are quite recovered, and have gone on their way rejoicing.

### ON THE RIVER.

Lucinda, dearest, 'neath the bending tree,
Stooping to kiss the stream that laves its feet,
I'll draw the boat a-land, thinking but of thee,
Will luncheon eat.

Mark how the placid tide flows smoothly by;
Note yonder bank aglow with golden gorse;
'Tis Nature's specie bank. What's in that pie?
Ugh! Steak, of course.

Sip life's sweet cup of joy, love, in this spot;
Forythee no after-taste, no bitter dregs,
'Tis nectar. Bah! I've told you I cannot
Eat hard-boiled eggs.

The dappled shade of willow and of ash
Spreads o'er the verdant grass, for thy sweet sake,
And love—the salad dressing's gone to smash,
And soaked the cake!

What? Hang it all! Each day I speak in vain,
Lucinda, this is shameful—only look!
No mustard on the sandwiches again!
Discharge that cook!

—U. N. NONE.

# Humorous.

A book calculated to suit—A ready reckoner.

"A labor of love"—A bashful youth essaying to "pop the question."

When an arm of the sea encircles a neck of land, look out for fishing smacks.

Never judge one by the coat he wears. He may have borrowed it for the occasion.

A scientific editor exclaims, "What shall we drink?" He might wait until somebody asks him up.

Why is a Zulu belle like a prophet of old? Because she has not much on't in her own country.

It is just after a man has received his bill for a week's seaside board that he realizes there is no place like home.

An exchange thinks there is no perceptible difference between this world and a circus. Both are floating shows.

Although salt air is considered healthy, it isn't good taste to keep a barrel of salt mackerel on the parlor centre-table.

Somebody defines genius as "eternal patience." What a genius he is who good-naturedly waits for an errand boy!

Cincinnati has a "New Widow's" Home." This is more to be dreaded than a home devoted to old widows; still, both are dangerous.

A ten-pound lump of ice is smaller now than at any other season of the year. It is just big enough to run away if left on the sidewalk.

There is a man in St. Louis who has a wonderful memory. It is thought the city will eventually employ him to remember the Sabbath.

It takes eight hundred full-blown roses to make a teaspoonful of perfume, while ten cents worth of onions will scent a whole neighborhood.

Notwithstanding the malaria said to surround Washington, we have never yet heard of a man who shook so much that he couldn't draw his salary.

A Chicago poet writes of "soundless seas of falsehood surging about great continents of woe." This must be a "lick" at the Chicago newspaper editorials.

What is the difference between a civilized diner and a person who subsists at the North Pole? Why, one has his bill of fare, and the other has his fill of bear.

It is said that thirty-five persons in a small town in Michigan were poisoned recently by eating sausages. This comes from leaving brass collars on dogs.

An Irish lad complained of the harsh treatment received from his father. "He treats me," said he, mournfully, "as if I was his son by another father and mother."

"If you grasp a rattlesnake firmly around the neck he cannot hurt you," says a Western paper. Keeping about a mile ahead of the snake is also a good scheme.

We are informed that a man's body is three-fourths composed of water, but it is hard to believe this while looking at the noses of some of our public officials.

Every man is fond of striking the nail on the head, but when it happens to be a finger-nail, the enthusiasm in the majority of cases becomes wild and incoherent.

An æsthetic writer speaks of a fair young girl "vanishing like the dew before the morning sun." This is shockingly vulgar. In plain language it means she dried up.

A learned writer asserts that "Heaven keeps our lights burning while asleep." Well, it does look that way when the figures on a gas bill stare the average citizen in the face.

Time and tune are the main ingredients of music; my neighbor's girls are well skilled in the first, as they very easily play all the time, but they don't always play all the tunes.

An old lady in East Saginaw refused the gift of a load of wood from a tree struck by lightning, through fear that some of the "fluid" might remain in the wood and cause disaster to her kitchen-stove.

"What are your politics?" the chaplain of a penitentiary asked of an intelligent-looking convict. "I have not come out for anybody yet," replied the convict, gazing placidly through the iron bars.

A reporter for a city paper, in giving an account of the burning of an ice-house, says that "the power of the raging flames was irresistible, and soon reduced twenty-five thousand pounds of ice to ashes."

The editor of a New York paper, in reply to a Pittsburg editor, who contended that "an immense fortune" was not likely to give happiness, offers to settle the question by having it tested in his own person.

A child, on seeing a bill on a telegraph post, cried, "Oh, mamma, look! A message has fallen down!"

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day," was the parting injunction he gave his son, and the young man went out and shot the best cat.

Recent experiments tried at Niagara Falls prove that a dog can smell a bone exactly twenty-two feet from his nose. How far a Niagara Falls backman can smell a victim has not been determined, but the distance can safely be set down at a mile.

If you want to speak to the proprietor at a Cape May hotel, don't approach the man who seems to own the entire establishment. He is only a clerk on a week's vacation. Hunt around for the man who seems afraid to call his soul his own. He is the proprietor.

"And you really mean to say that at times you do not have enough to eat? Why, I always thought that poor people in the country could get eggs, bacon, milk and vegetables for nothing." Country woman—"Only three things we gits for nuffin, Miss—air, water, and the parson's advice—fills', ain't it?"

A drunken man falls from the fourth story to the pavement. He is picked up a little stunned, but otherwise none the worse, and somebody brings him a glass of water to set him right. He, with disdain: "Water, indeed! From what story must I fall before you'll be generous enough to bring me a glass of wine?"

They had been to see the tragedy of Julius Cæsar, and, on their way home, thoughts of the death of the great dictator seemed to affect her so much that she turned to Algernon and exclaimed: "Wasn't it sad to be cut up so horribly?" "Aw—yes," sympathetically responded Algy; "and he probably had on his best clothes."


**Shan't I take a Blue Pill?**

No, don't take it and run the risk of mercurial poisons, but when bilious and constipated get a package of the celebrated Kidney-Wort, and it will speedily cure you. It is Nature's great remedy for constipation, and for all kidney and liver diseases. It acts promptly on these great organs, and so restores health, strength and vigor. It is put up in liquid and dry form, both acting with equal efficiency. Price, $1. See adv.

**Important.**

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

**Though Shaken in Every Joint**

And ther with fever and ague, or bilious remittent, the system may yet be freed from the malignant germs with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Protect the system against it with this beneficent anti-spasmodic, which is furthermore a supreme remedy for liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, kidney troubles and other ailments.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

DR. C. W. BENSON, of BALTIMORE, MD.

We give above a correct likeness of this well-known and successful physician and surgeon, who has made a life-long study of Nervous Diseases and the Diseases of the Skin, and he now stands in the highest rank, as authority on those special and distressing diseases. In the course of his practice he discovered what now are renowned in medical practice, viz: a combination of Celery and Chamomile in the shape of Pills. They are used by the profession at large, and constantly recommended by them.

It is not a patent medicine. It is the result of his own experience in practice. They are a SURE CURE for the following special diseases, and are worthy of a trial by all intelligent sufferers. They are prepared expressly to cure sick headache, nervous headache, dyspeptic headache, neuralgia, paralysis, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and nervousness, and WILL CURE any case.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S

SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

NERVOUS-DEBILITY

Vital Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.

Been in use 20 years, and is the most successful remedy known. Price $1 per vial, or 5 vials and large vial of powder for $5, sent post free on receipt of price.

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.,
109 Fulton Street, New York

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 289 Washington St. Boston, Mass.

GIRLS 2 MONTHS FREE 2 MONTHS FREE BOYS

HO! We GIVE 2 months subscription to send-mon, Home Companion for sending 10 names and postoffice addresses of children over 5 years, different family to HOME COMPANION PUB. CO., Cleveland, O.

2 MONTHS FREE 2 MONTHS FREE

70 YOUR NAME Printed with new copper-plate type, on 70 New and Elegant Bouquet, Scroll, Floral and Gold Chromo Cards, Style, Beauty and Quality can't be beat, for 10c. Samples 2 cents. Address, G. A. SPRING, New Haven, Conn.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio

50 Lovely Floral, motto, hand and bouquet Chromo Cards, beautiful colors, name 10c. Clinton Bros., New Haven, Ct.

THE LEADING SEWING MACHINE OF THE DAY.

THE ORIGINAL LIGHT-RUNNING "DOMESTIC"

ALWAYS HELD A REPUTATION FOR

SIMPLICITY IN PLAN,
SUPERIORITY OF MATERIAL, and
THOROUGHNESS IN CONSTRUCTION,

Resulting in a SUBSTANTIAL and DESIRABLE MECHANISM that is FREE FROM FREQUENT and COSTLY REPAIRS.

In a QUIET and EASY MOVEMENT that NEITHER FATIGUES nor ANNOYS the OPERATOR.

In a BEAUTY of STITCH and STRENGTH of SEAM that has NEVER been EQUALLED by OTHER MACHINES.

With these primary excellences to build on, and the addition of all the REAL IMPOVEMENTS that have been made from time to time, the "Domestic" Machine of to-day

Embodies every Desirable Feature, does every Kind of Work, Answers every Expectation, and is Acknowledged to be the

LEADING SEWING MACHINE OF THE DAY.

For prices, terms, and descriptive circulars, address

"DOMESTIC" SEWING MACHINE CO., NEW YORK.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE COR. BROADWAY and 14th ST.

## MUSCOVITE MEDICINE.

IT seems difficult to believe that such gross superstitions and almost barbaric customs can exist in the nineteenth century in a country even such as that of the Muscovite.

The Russian peasant has a great dislike to doctors, and will rather suffer anything from a village quack than put himself under the treatment of a medical man. Nor is this to be wondered at, when we know of the regularly-qualified doctors who take up their abode in small provincial towns, there are but few who will consent to travel many miles on bad roads to visit a patient from whom they can in most cases expect no larger remuneration than a loaf of new bread or half-a-dozen eggs. If the patient is not too ill to be moved, and can be brought either to the doctor's house or the hospital, something will be done for him, and he may recover; but if he cannot leave his village, it is his own lookout—not the doctor's.

Among the laboring class the treatment of diseases and infections of all kinds is confined chiefly to old women, who not infrequently are looked upon as witches, and are occasionally treated as such.

It cannot be denied that these old crones possess a certain knowledge of the virtues of herbs, drugs, etc.; and many cases are on record where they succeeded in curing inveterate affections that for years had resisted the doctors' skill.

Fevers of all kinds, ague and malaria, are among the most prevalent diseases in Russia—diseases which it is currently believed haunt the country in the shape of invisible women, who go from village to village, and from house to house, in search of some human being in whom they may conveniently take up their abode. There are said to be twelve such women, or Sisters, as they are sometimes called—that is, kinds of fever—who visit the patient separately.

The first visitors are, as a rule, only troublesome, not dangerous; but those that come later weaken him considerably, and the "Twelfth Sister" almost invariably takes the patient's life. By the latter name the peasants call the fever and night-sweats, which are are the usual symptoms of advanced consumption.

Each of these twelve Sisters is supposed to have a great dislike to some special mode of treatment, and will at once leave the patient if it should be resorted to. Thus, for example, Sister No. 1 is afraid of cutting-instruments and sharp tools; and it is strongly recommended to surround the patient's bed with knives, axes, scythes, saws, spades, etc., which must be laid with their edges towards the door.

A specific against Sister No. 2 is an alcoholic extract of twelve kinds of wood; and Sister No. 3 can be expelled by swallowing a large dose of gunpowder.

The ninth sister dreads cold water above all things, and will immediately leave a patient who takes a cold bath.

There are several other remedies against fever, but they lose their power if employed by the uninitiated.

The following is rather a curious specimen: The village wizard or witch takes the patient by the hand and leads him into the open fields. Here they look about for an ash-tree, which must be a little taller than the patient. The wizard then produces his knife, and cleaves the tree in two from the top to the root. Both halves of the top are then tied together with the patient's belt, and the quack holds the two lower parts of the trunk apart, so as to form an opening, through which the patient creeps, having meanwhile divested himself of his clothing. His clothes are then handed to him one by one through the same opening; he dresses himself, and is now considered to be cured from his ague.

Sharp pains in the chest are attributed to the sprouting of wings in that peculiar region. They can only be cured by breaking the said wings. This is done in the following way: The patient lies flat on his face while the old woman who acts as surgeon pinches the skin of the back, beginning at the shoulder-blades and going gradually lower down. The pain is intense, and the patient groans and screams during the operation, which leaves his back covered with black and purple marks. But he bears the pain, and invariably professes to have been cured of his pains and troubles.

Such are a few of the popular modes for curing diseases, still prevalent in many parts of the Russian empire.

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If you have any skin diseases or diseases of the hair or scalp, any itching or discolorations, sun-burns, freckles, pimples, rough or dry harsh skin, you have in Dr. C. W. Benson's Skin Cure a sure, perfect and elegant remedy. Sold by all druggists.

## Facetiæ.

A young man in this city, who practised in the gymnasium one afternoon only, was able to jump his board bill the very next day.

The International Medical Congress would not admit the lady doctors. The ladies looked so killing, the male physicians were naturally jealous of them.

Everbody knows that carts are inanimate, yet who has not seen a cart follow a horse? Spavin thinks likely it is because they are attached to each other.

The ice-dealers in this city have increased their prices twenty-five per cent. You cannot blame them, poor fellows. The crop was badly touched by last winter's frosts.

"Madam, you said your son was a lawyer, I think. Has he much practice?" "Why, yes, sir, he has a great practice—of smoking tobacco," the fond mother replied.

"Oh, yes," said he, "what you say about folks' al'ays sympathizing with the under dog in a fight, is true enough, but then they al'ays bets their money on t'other un."

Talk of political nonentities, who are at present coming to the front, a witty and severe lady observes that, now-a-days, in order to become somebody one has to be nothing.

If you want to employ a whitewasher, contract with him to whitewash the floors, the furniture, and everything but the ceiling. Then he may get some whitewash on the ceiling.

"Time is money," that's a fact, and if you wish to know the value of time, just get a little speck of dirt in your pocket-chronometer and take it round to a watch-tinker, he'll blow in it, and charge you a dollar for repairs.

Said a poet to an unfortunate speculator, "Don't you think that the opening line of Tennyson's little poem, 'Break, break, break,' is plaintive and sad?" "Yes," was the melancholy reply, "but I think that 'Broke, broke, broke!' is a good deal sadder."

"What," asked the lawyer, "are you growling about? Didn't I win your case for you?" Said the client: "Yes, you won the case. But you didn't insinuate that the man against me abuses his wife or steals hens. Do you think that was earning your money?"

A very bald gentleman was exhibiting to a friend his well-appointed toilet-table, whereupon were brushes of every size and shape. "Yes, I see, I see," said the friend, "you have everything—that is, everything except—" "Except what?" "Hair," responded his friend.

A small boy could not understand why the "leaves" of tables should be so called, seeing that they did not resemble any leaves with which he was familiar. At last he found it out. "I know!" he cried. "They are called leaves because you can leave them up or you can leave them down."

Beauties of commutation: "There's a fellow up here who gives a ticket for twenty-one meals for three dollars," remarked a disciple of the art preservative of arts last week. "But how does he make his money on that?" was asked. "Easy enough. As a general thing his customers die after about the third meal."

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**Kidney Complaints**

of all descriptions are relieved at once, and cured by Kidney-Wort. It seems intended by Nature for the cure of all diseases of the kidneys caused by weakness and debility. Its great tonic powers are especially directed to the removal of this class of diseases. We know of persons that have suffered for thirty years that have been permanently cured by taking Kidney-Wort a short time. Try it, either liquid or dry.—Sun.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

KIDNEY-WORT

THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

KIDNEY-WORT

has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION, but harmless in all cases.

☞ It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

As it has been proved by thousands that

KIDNEY-WORT

is the most effectual remedy for cleansing the system of all morbid secretions. It should be used in every household as a

SPRING MEDICINE.

Always cures BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.

Is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. It acts with equal efficiency in either form.

GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop's,

(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.

KIDNEY-WORT

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this Paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

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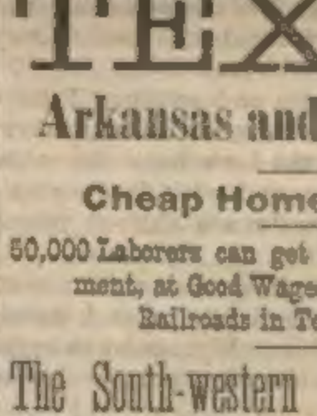

called Coraline, which is vastly superior to horn or whalebone.

A REWARD OF $10 will be paid for every Corset in which the Coraline breaks with six months' ordinary wear. It is elastic, pliable, and very comfortable, and is not affected by cold, heat or moisture.

Price by mail for Health or Nursing Corsets, $1.50; for Coraline or Flexible Hip Corsets, $1.25.

For sale by leading merchants. Beware of worthless imitations boned with cord.

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The MOST RELIABLE FOOD For Infants & Invalids. Used everywhere. Not a mere wine, but a steam-cooked food, suited to the weakest stomach. Take no other. Sold by druggists. Woolrich & Co. on every label.

Luxuriant Mustache

SMITH & CO., U. S. Agts., Palatine, Ill.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES, A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 25 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

50 Cards, Chromo, motto roses, etc., all new style, name on 10c. Sample 10c. G. A. SPRING, New Haven, Ct.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS ONLY $3.00. THEO. J. HARRACH, 820 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

50 All Gold Chromo and Lil's Cards (no 2 alike.) Name on 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

40 Floral Hand and Bouquet Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Franklin Printing Co., New Haven, Ct.

The Greatest Variety of Goods in one Establishment in the United States.

DRESS GOODS, SILKS,

Ladies' Suits, Shawls, Underwear, Laces, Hosiery, Gloves, Shoes, Linens, Gentlemen's and Boys' Clothing, Housekeeping Goods, etc., are sold with privilege of exchange or refund of money if not satisfactory upon examination at home.

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embracing all the departments in one large book, with a system of ordering goods by letter more convenient than any heretofore, will be mailed, without charge, to those who send us a postal card containing name, town, county, and State.

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Our Store, known as the Grand Depot, covers the Block at Thirteenth & Market Sts.

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"NEUTRO PILLENE"—The only Hair Solvent known. Permanently dissolves Superfluous Hair, root and branch, in five minutes, without pain, discoloration, or injury. Price, $5.00.

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Sold by Druggists, or sent to any address on receipt of price.

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JUST WHAT YOU WANT

FUN FOR THE BOYS

False Mustaches made of genuine hair. Can be put on or off instantly. Lots of fun at the rubber stamps. Three colors, light, dark brown and black. MUSTACHES by mail 20 CTS., 3 for 50 CTS., GOATEES TO MATCH 15 CTS. EACH. Prof Heller's Magical Trick Cards 10 cts. Trick Cigarette Case 15 cts. Bewitched Tobacco Box 25 cts. Surprise Needle Watch Charm 30 cts New Wooden Bird call 10 cts. Mechanical Grasshopper jumps 40 feet high 10 cents. Young's Great Book of 400 Secrets or how to make $20 a day without capital 50 cts. Perfect Etiquette or how to behave in society 10 cts. Gents Perfect Letter Writer 10 cts. Ladies' perfect Letter Writer 10 cts. Selections for Autograph Albums 10 cts. Secrets of Ancient and Modern Magic 15 cts. Old Gypsey Madge's Fortune Teller 25 cts. Mystery of Love Making Solved 25 cts. Home Owners Guide 25 cts. Marvels of Mirth for Fancy Fellows 15 cts. Showman's Guide 15 cts. Our Knowledge Box or Old Secrets and New Discoveries 25 cts. Nickel Plated 7 Shot Revolvers $3.40 best in the market. Watches best and cheapest in the world. A Watch free to those who become our agents. Send a trial order. Postage Stamps taken.

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CHESTNUT ST.,
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IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

| FOR WIGS, INCHES. | TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES. |
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| No. 1. The round of the head. | No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald. |
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fringes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

$10.60 for 40c. Send the addresses of 10 of your acquaintances and 40 cents for goods by mail that retail for $10.60. This is an honest offer. If you want a fortune don't let it slip. Address, D. J. HENRY, Box 127, Buffalo, N. Y.

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JUDGE FOR YOURSELF By sending 25c money, or 40c postage stamps, with age, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife with name and date of marriage. W. FOX, Box 46, Fultonville, N. Y.

Agents wanted. $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 25 lbs. Sells at $1.50. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., Cincinnati, O.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 18 useful stops, 5 sets reeds, only $65. Pianos $125 up. ☞ Illustrated Catalogue free. Address, BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Sperific permanently removes superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame Wambold, 24 Sawyer St., Boston, Mass.

40 Cards, all Chromo, Glass and Motto in case, name in gold and jet 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Ct.

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# Ladies' Department.

## FASHION CHAT.

ALTHOUGH August is said to be a dead season in the stores, yet there are always some novelties to be seen in the leading ones, and often the fabrics introduced at the termination of one season give the key-note to the coming styles of the next.

It is useful to note the last creations of the clever couturieres who supply the elegantes of society, and though these fair dames set an example of elegant styles to the rest of the world of fashion.

Novelties in light tissues include mousseline de sole, with large bouquets, in the style of Louis XV., and Louis XVI., transparent voile, barege de Virginie, Japanese satinette, foulard de Buyere, zephyr de Mulhouse, cretonne d'Alsace, with accompaniments of lace, guipure d'art, and embroidery on the materials themselves, with a profusion of bows of satin ribbon of various widths.

The parasol is matched to the toilette with which it is carried, and ornamented with a large spray of flowers; the hat is of old gold straw, or of straw the color of the dress, trimmed with shaded feathers or a wreath of flowers; and to complete the costume is a Mazarin pelerine made of the same material, and trimmed at the edge with lace or embroidery, according to the trimming of the dress; the front is draped at each side under a bow of satin ribbon.

A costume of ivory voile, striped with various shades, and lined with old gold, has the skirt bordered with three narrow flounces of merveilleux matched to the colors of the stripe; above these is a 6-inch flounce with double heading, and this trimming is repeated three times, then finished with a crossway gauging. A draped scarf edged with the bayadere stripe and point de Venise, crosses the upper part of the skirt, and the corsage, pointed in front, is cut away at the sides, and ornamented with a pleated fichu of voile, separated at regular spaces by bands of bayadere, and fastened under a bouquet of roses du Rol.

A walking toilette for a young lady is of cream-colored silk muslin; the skirt is covered with alternate plantings of muslin and dentelle de Malines, and crossed in the upper part with a panier drapery trimmed with lace and bows of moire satin ribbon; the corsage, short at the sides, is bordered with lace mingled with bows of narrow satin ribbon. The basques at the back are formed into leaf-shaped ends, bordered with lace and ribbon, and to accompany the costume is a Mazarin pelerine of silk muslin, lined with merveilleux and trimmed with lace; a full ruche of lace at the neck is fastened with a large bow of ribbon. The hat is a capote of the same material as the dress, with a wreath of field daisies, and strings of silk muslin fastened at the left side under a bouquet of daisies; and the parasol is of cream color merveilleux, lined with pale rose color, and edged with lace; a spray of field daisies ornaments the outside.

A handsome dress is of black broche grenadine, trimmed with Spanish lace; the skirt of merveilleux satin is bordered with a 20-inch pleated flounce of grenadine, crenelated at the edge on a frill of Spanish lace; the corsage forms a half polonaise in Louis XV. style, gathered round the shoulders and at the lower part of the corsage, the gathers ornamented with motifs of embroidery and jet. The polonaise is draped in front, and trimmed with lace and motifs of embroidery; the front of the corsage ornamented with a double jabot of Spanish and antique Valenciennes lace, finished with a bow of satin ribbon. At the left side of the corsage is a spray of red acacias, and the sleeves have sabot garements trimmed with Spanish and Valenciennes lace.

Some ladies open a few buttons of the bodice, and insert their handkerchief, but this does not look well, and it is far better to place it in the pocket of the saddle.

There is no doubt that moire or watered silk is again taken into favor, after having been abandoned almost as unjustly as satin. Its reinstatement is owing to the discovery that white French moire combines most happily with light white wool, and muslin and lace; the shimmer of the moire under the muslin satisfying the taste of the day, which goes in for bizarre lights and shades. Dresses made of pale cafe au lait moire (more milk than coffee) covered with Spanish lace of the same color, with broad sash and large bows of either purple or brown ribbon, have been among the most stylish dresses recently worn at London fetes. These watered silks must not be confounded with moire antiques, with two or three large waves covering an entire breadth, but they have small rippled designs in stripes, with indistinct water lines losing themselves in each other. But newer still are the ombre watered silks of two or three contrasting colors, such as dull red with blue or with olive, or else pale pink and red, or brown with red. These are used for the skirts, or else for the tabliers of cashmere or surah dresses, also for the bodice trimming.

Polonaises in one form or another are again much worn, and there are several new materials manufactured expressly for them. Black Spanish lace in arabesque designs, well covering the thin meshed ground makes up into most useful polonaises to be worn over black and colored silks, and they are thought to look extremely well over ecru, grey and yellow silks. They freshen up a half worn dress requiring a high silk lining, but the sleeves may be simply of lace. Frills of Spanish lace and bows of watered ribbon trim such polonaises. Black China crepe, embroidered all over in black in oriental designs of pagodas, birds, butterflies, and the favorite flowers of the East.

For morning and travelling dresses, vests are still somewhat worn, which are sometimes convenient.

The waist is open at the top, so as to show the upper part of the vest, forming a plastron; then at the bottom the basques are cut away, so as to let the lower part of the vest come two or three fingers below, precisely like those worn by men.

A costume of white and seal-brown foulard has the skirt bordered with a deep flounce, gathered at regular spaces of four inches, and bordered with an open work embroidery on the foulard. The skirt is gathered in the same way as the flounce, and the corsage is pointed in front, and cut away at the sides; below this is a tunic gathered at the top, and falling quite straight, the middle open from the edge, and the sides draped high on the skirt. At the back the basques form two sharp points, and the edges of the jacket and tunic, are trimmed with embroidery. The back of the tunic is composed of two widths of foulard, intertwined and finishing in two points; and to accompany the costume is a Mazarin pelerine, gathered at the neck, and bordered with embroidery. A large Watteau hat of seal-brown straw is worn with this toilette, and trimmed with a long shaded feather; the lining is of seal-brown velvet, and the hat is dotted with beetles of all shades. The parasol is of the same material as the dress, and trimmed with embroidery and a large bow of ribbon.

For the *demi-season* and autumn I have also been shown mantles in the ample dowager style, open at the back from the waist down to the bottom, and with large pleats behind. These mantles are shirred round the neck and between the shoulders. The sleeves are taken from the side pieces, closely shirred at the shoulders and wrists, but full in the middle, which seems to make a certain tendency to a return to the leg of mutton sleeves.

Tailors are said making cloth jackets for ladies. The most stylish are of fine, plain, dark cloth. The more eccentric have a turned up military collar, embroidered in gold, and facings embroidered in the same style, as well as the rounded pockets. The buttons are of gilt metal.

## Fireside Chat.

### SCRATCH WORK.

THE Germans have a quaint way of decorating china—a pleasing recreation to those fond of artistic amusements, but not skilled in the use of a paint brush. This mode of embellishment will also be found suitable, and possessing a charms to young and nimble fingers, restlessly seeking employment on a rainy day.

In Germany the article selected is generally supplied already for the work—for instance, cups and saucers, or plates of any tint that may be desired, with a pretty pattern sketched on, ready to be scratched, the leaves and flowers shaded and veined, also a rim of gold added to cup or saucer, after which it is returned to the firm to be fired.

Nor is this work expensive there, the whole cost of an egg-cup being twenty-five cents.

However, the process is very simple, and can be easily managed at home, with exception of the firing, which so many firms now undertake for a trifle.

A cup will be found easy to manipulate, and such as is usually sold for enamel painting should be procured; also over glaze colors. The ordinary fat oil and turpentine will be found most satisfactory as a medium.

Should the mixing of the color prove an obstacle, let those prepared in tubes be selected instead of powder.

Rich tints prove most effective, such as deep pink, blue and orange, or a dark and warm chocolate brown. Give the cup a good coating of the paint, covering the entire outside with exception of the handle.

Should the paint prove very slow in drying it may be placed for a short time in a slightly warm oven.

A second coating will often be found necessary. Until fired the surface will present a rough appearance.

When perfectly dry, with a very soft lead pencil lightly sketch any pattern fancy may dictate.

A cup will look pretty with sprays of vine leaves and tendrils round the top, and under it; on the front or at one side a monogram.

If any difficulty be experienced in sketching the pattern evenly, it can easily be drawn on tissue or tracing paper, and fastened on the china over a piece of transfer paper.

The latter can be quickly made by well rubbing the one side of unglazed note paper with a cake of ordinary black lead.

While working, the cup is best held in a soft silk handkerchief, for warm fingers will sometimes leave ugly marks; also will the breath soften the paint, but with a little care no inconvenience will arise from this.

With a sharp pointed penknife scratch away the paint within the lines of the design, transforming it into a wreath of white leaves and with many lacy-looking tendrils, which give so light and pretty an effect. Initials may be treated likewise. The paint will peel off in tiny shavings, and these can be blown away occasionally.

Expert fingers, with a small brush and very thin paint of the same color as the groundwork, can add a slight shading to the leaves and flowers; otherwise the veins must simply be put in by a fine gilt crow quill. The one initial should be picked out by a little shading, the other also, after it has been ground in gold. The handle should be decorated in a similar manner.

Judson's preparation of gold will be found easy of manipulation for this purpose; also for finishing the veins, as described, in gold, not putting it on over the paint, but either leaving uncolored or scratching the surface white again.

Unique breakfast and tea sets may be made thus, and those possessing a slight knowledge of drawing may produce most beautiful etchings, the best implement to use for this purpose being a coarse darning needle.

As a rule, etchings on medallions of color prove more effective than when the entire article be painted.

Snapdragon Witches.—Such wearied old witches and grannies may be made, utilising the seed pod of the snapdragon for the heads. Quaint little pen wipers and a variety of pleasing trifles may be formed thus.

A few small wooden dolls will be required the size being regulated in accordance with the seed pod; as a rule, from two to three inches will prove suitable.

Gather the seed pods, which are rather tawny in tint, and upon examination each will be found to possess a fine high forehead, sockets for eyes, a good mouth, and a sharp-pointed nose.

The latter is sometimes rather long, and requires perhaps pinching shorter. Shake the pod free from the seeds, and, having broken the doll's head off, glue it on the shoulders instead.

The eyes are formed by black beads fixed in the sockets by a piece of fine wire, or needle and brown thread passed through the one temple and out of the other, secured by a couple of knots.

The lower joint of the legs should be broken off, two or three little skirts of dark cloth stitched on, and which will answer for the penwiper, as well as a support, instead of the broken legs.

A tiny scarlet hood and cape should be added to complete the costume, or a half shawl of some thin red material put on over the head and fastened in front; also the customary witch's broom, formed from a tuft of horsehair bound round the end of a match and glued in the one hand.

A larger sized doll can be made into a glorious old grannie, fixing little wire spectacles across the nose, and securing them at the back of the head under a small square of lace, glued on for a cap.

It is also an improvement to fasten on the front a short piece of frayed white floss silk for hair. The doll can then be placed as far as the waist into a bag of bran to form a pincushion, adding a scanty skirt, a large print apron, and a little gay shawl folded over the shoulders instead of a dress bodice.

Pin knitting needles can be run through the hands, and a tiny ball of ravelled wood twisted on.

The bag for the pincushion should be shaped from a strip of calico sewn to a circle of the same material, the top of bag being gathered firmly round the doll's waist, and the side seam left open for the stuffing.

A little market woman, with a basket for rings or pins, is pretty and novel. A quaint pincushion may be made for hanging from the side of a looking glass, illustrating the "old woman who lived in her shoe."

The pincushion should be made like a mattress in shape of the sole of a shoe, adding a small piece of embroidered cloth for the toe.

The old woman will require to be made from one of the largest seed pods, fastened on to a doll's body dressed according to fancy, but fixing in one hand a rod or cane.

Dolls will not be necessary for the children. They can be formed from the smallest seed pods, glued on to the end of lucifer matches, and a bunchy piece of print wrapped round to make the body, for when put in the shoe only the head and shoulders will show. The eyes will require to be added: also a tuft of frayed wool or floss glue on for hair.

The old woman should be fastened in first and then the toe, having been slightly stuffed by wadding, filled in by the children, eight or nine at least, and the eyes and hair differing in color, one read head, also a golden, giving effect.

# Correspondence.

G. C. FANIA, (Iowa.)—Send a postal addressed to yourself, and we will forward the required address.

LINA, (Butler, Iowa.)—The phrase "Bis dat qui cito dat," is Latin, and means "He gives twice who gives quickly."

W. H. M., (Laurel Mill, N. C.)—We do do not know of the paper you speak of. It either has not existed at all, or discontinued publication some time since.

W. D., (Andrew, Mo.)—The day begins with us at midnight. In some parts of Italy it is reckoned from sunset to sunset, and the clock strikes twenty-four round.

W. S. PITT, (N. C.)—We know nothing whatever about the firm, one way or the other. From the character of their compound, however, we would think them good people to have nothing to do with.

ALUM, (Trenton, N. J.)—Alum is a salt used as a mordant in tanning; it is used also to harden tallow, and to whiten bread. It may be made of pure clay exposed to vapors of sulphuric acid, and sulphate of potash added to the lye; but it is usually obtained by means of ore called alum slate.

SWAIN, (Hancock, Miss.)—You say you are heart-broken because a young lady whom you love to distraction refuses to give up a gentleman she has known for two years for you, whom she only became acquainted with a few weeks ago. We do not see how we can help you out of your trouble by any advice we can offer. You are unreasonable and selfish to the last degree in asking the young lady to make this sacrifice for you.

MAC, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—It is generally supposed by historians that Kenneth MacAlpine was the first king who reigned over the whole of North Britain as one kingdom, it having been previously divided between the Picts and Scots. But the early history of the Dalriads, Picts and Scots, etc., is involved in so much obscurity, that it is impossible to given positive answer to the question, "Who was the first King of Scotland?"

J. M., (Butte, Cal.)—A young person who is only earning what you are, and who aspires to a higher position, should think twice before marrying, even although your lady-love is extremely anxious to bring matters to a crisis. Tell her that since she is only nineteen, she can afford to wait for a little, and, that by so doing, it will be to your mutual advantage in after life. Come what may, don't be in a hurry about such an important matter.

PUPIL, (Franklin, Ill.)—The title of "Fidei Defensor (Defender of the Faith)" which is always appended to the name of the sovereign of England, was conferred by Leo X., on Henry VIII., of England. The king wrote a tract in behalf of the Church of Rome, and against Luther who had just begun the Reformation in Germany, upon which the pope gave him the title of "Defender of the Faith." The bull conferring it bears date October 3, 1521.

GEMMATI, (Lebanon, Pa.)—The fertility of Egypt depends on the inundation of the Nile. When the water has risen to a fixed height the canals are opened, and the water is allowed to flow over the land. Now, the banks or embankments of the canals may not improperly be called dykes. Or the word may be applied to the canals themselves. A dyke (or dike) is a ditch or a channel dug out for water to flow through. The land around portions of the Nile is full of such.

M. N. H., (Clinton, N. Y.)—A young man who has been making you fair promises for five years but whose "conduct with the other young ladies is not pleasant," and who "comes for a week and then stops away a week and wishes me to take holidays in summer with him," is a person to be distrusted and avoided. No gentleman with honorable intentions would trifle with a lady's feelings for five years nor ask her "to take holidays in summer with him." Our advice to you is, tell him that his past conduct has been distasteful to you and that if he does not amend it, he must discontinue his visits to you altogether. Show him a little spirit and independence.

MACAULEY, (Wyoming.)—The *Legio*, or legion was a corps of soldiers in the Roman armies, and was first formed under Romulus, under whom it consisted of 3,000 foot and 300 horse, about 750 B. C. When Hannibal was in Italy, 218 B. C., the legion consisted of 5,000 soldiers; and under Marius, in 85 B. C., it was 6,200 soldiers, besides 700 horse. There were ten and sometimes as many as eighteen legions kept at Rome. Augustus maintained a standing army of twenty-five legions, about 6 B. C., and the peace establishment of Adrian was thirty of these formidable brigades. The peace of Britain was protected by three legions. A legion was divided into ten cohorts, and every cohort into 6 centuries, with a vexillum or standard guarded by ten men.

PATINAGE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—"Who invented skates, and in what country are the best skaters?" The origin of skates and skating is lost in remote ages. The first skates were made of bone, fastened to the feet with cords. Bone skates have been discovered in Iceland, Sweden, Holland, and England, and there are accounts of their use in London in the time of Henry II. The Dutch are supposed to have introduced iron skates. It is believed that the best facilities for skating are afforded by the countries of North-Western Europe, where the ice is solid for several months in the year and is but little covered with snow. It is also supposed that the best skaters are to be found in those countries. It is said that the Frieslanders will skate for a long time at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, but no absolutely accurate information on the subject is accessible.

ETTIE, (Miami, Ind.)—To answer your questions in a few words, is no easy matter; but we shall try and make each clear to you. 1. "How can love beget love?" How it can do it no one can explain further than that when we see two persons engaged in the warmth of a mutual affection, there must be certain qualities in both their minds which bear a resemblance to one another. A generous and constant passion in an agreeable lover, where there is not too great a disparity in other circumstances, is the greatest blessing that can befall the person beloved, and if overlooked in one may perhaps never be found in another. 2. "How can one be cured of timidness?" Timidity can only be cured by strong will power. It is necessary to take the weakness or fault seriously in hand, and conquer the impulses to which it prompts you. When a peril arises, say, "I know the danger and will face it manfully. Mere "nervousness," as it is commonly, though erroneously called is unimportant. That says nothing for or against the courage of the sufferer. You may "start" and "feel frightened." The question is what you do after you have been startled and frightened.